

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY 16, 1959

*America's National Sports Weekly*

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Book Review



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Cover: Johnny Longden ▶

The jockey who has been riding winners ever since the days when Calvin Coolidge was President continues his profitable yet precarious life on horseback (on page 11).

Photograph by Richard Mark

## Next week

### SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



▶ Bill Cox, past master of the popular Lightning class, begins a nautical-themed two-part article on the rigging and sailing of small sailboats (Illustrated by Anthony Ravich).

▶ Charles Goren, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s lobbyist at the World Bridge Championships in New York City this week, describes the battle strategy and analyzes the pivotal hands.

▶ The best-selling sports car in the U.S. is perennially the English MG. "So tractable you can swing it back if it doesn't behave," *See the MG in color on its home ground.*

*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* published weekly by TIME Inc., 410 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. This issue is published in a National edition. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: U.S. & Canada \$7.50 per year.



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# BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

## THE MIDWEST

The Big Ten race was beginning to look like Russian roulette, and it was hard to say who would fire the next shot. The latest boom came from fast-rising Purdue's veterans, who were on target against Michigan State and sent the league leaders sprawling 85-81. The Boiler-makers, out-rebounded but not outshot, tossed State's jackrabbit, Johnny Green, into fouling out just when the Spartans needed him most and then rode to victory on the hot shooting of Bob Fehman, who flipped in 25 baskets in 10 tries and scored 35 points.

But nobody was quite as hot as Indiana's fast-breaking sophomores, who sent Big Ten records flying hither and yon with a 63-27, shooting spree while flinging Ohio State 122-92. The young Hoosiers were of no mind to stop, even against Michigan, and hauled down the Wolverines 84-79 to grab second place; Herb Lee scattered the defense with his deadly outside shooting for 21 points, and 6-foot 11-inch Walt Bellamy perked the boards clean. Although Purdue, with three straight, must still be considered, it was becoming more and more likely that the championship could be decided on February 28 when Michigan State and Indiana meet at Bloomington.

Big Eight leader Kansas State matched Nebraska's slowdown with Bob Butler and a zone defense and beat the Cornhuskers 59-43, then moved on to Boulder, where they ran off 11 straight points in the last three minutes to head off second-place Colorado 70-59. Cincinnati, still on top in the Missouri Valley after whipping Tulsa 84-71, also beat Dayton 96-74 and Temple 80-60, but the Bearcats were casting anxious glances in the direction of their two most persistent shadows, St. Louis and Bradley. St. Louis enrolled down on North Texas State 98-57 for its 12th straight; Bradley outskilled Wichita 69-52, clattered strong Seattle 86-70 and romped over Drake 71-50. Marquette turned loose its pell-mell offense to stomp past Detroit 78-63, leading Green 23-62 and Loyola of Chicago 90-80, thus running its winning string to 15.

## THE SOUTH

While Kentucky and Mississippi State prepared for a second-place showdown, unbeaten Auburn continued to sail serenely along at the top of the SEC standings. The adjustable Tigers found Georgia Tech using a zone to slow down their rare-home shuffle, promptly turned the offense over to playmaker Henry Hart,

who popped from the outside for 18 points to help beat the stalling Engineers 51-40. Georgia was next and Auburn simply ran the Bulldogs ragged to win 95-69 for its 27th straight. Meanwhile, Kentucky ran away from Mississippi 97-72, and Mississippi State edged by Tulane 55-46 and loitering Tennessee 52-45.

It was the same old story in the ACC as North Carolina and North Carolina State moved resolutely toward their February 18 date at Chapel Hill. First-place North Carolina pushed aside Maryland 64-57 and overhauled Duke's precocious sophomores 89-80 when Doug MacHugan shied across the pivot and put up enough jump shots to score 32 points. State defeated Virginia 87-70 and South Carolina 72-66 to clinch second place.

West Virginia found a new formula for exciting victory-unruffled hometown fans, using its newly adopted zone press to come from behind to catch Penn 73-64 and Holy Cross 96-90. Meanwhile, super-sophs Bob Ayersman and Chris Smith lifted Virginia Tech to victories over William and Mary 74-68, The Citadel 76-69 and Davidson 94-63 and into second place in the Southern Conference.

## THE EAST

Dartmouth and Princeton were still the class of the Ivies. Dartmouth squeezed by Cornell 76-73 in overtime, but got much less resistance from hapless Columbia and trounced the edge-beaten 116 straight times. Lions 85-55. Princeton kept pace with the Indians, overcoming Brown 61-48 and Yale 78-63.

St. John's, after absorbing its third straight loss (by Notre Dame 72-70) in the Midwest, hopped back to New York and took Richmond 85-76. St. Bon-



**OLD COLLEGE TRY** by UCLA's Rader Johnson carries him over head of California's Bill McCluskey. Bears won 60-55.

venture downed Siena 89-69 and Niagara 92-79; Navy held off rallying Boston College 78-72; St. Francis (Pa.) scored over Xavier of Ohio 59-56 and Westminster 56-44; Drexel upset Villanova 73-61; Manhattan beat NYU 63-58, but lost to St. Peter's 57-56; Vermont came up with a Yankee Conference shocker, edging Connecticut 61-60.

## THE SOUTHWEST

It was cooling-off time in the SWC, and Texas Tech and Baylor got the full treatment as TCU moved 10 games ahead of the pack. Tech, sporting title delusions, lost 66-50 when TCU's H. E. Krehmer, the biggest Burned Frog of them all, threw his weight around for 28 points and 19 rebounds. Baylor, after five straight, discovered there was no place like home when Texas A&M trapped the Bears 65-52 at College Station.

Oklahoma City also learned the perils of the road. Centenary had better eyes from the foul line and won 72-71, while Houston's tight zone did in the scampering Chiefs 80-63.

## THE WEST

California's deliberate offense and aggressive defense, robust rebounding by 6-foot 10-inch Darrell Imhoff and superb clutch-shooting by Al Buch, pulled the Bears back to the top of the PCC. Buch's driving layup with one second to go knocked UCLA out of the lead, 69-58, and set the stage for an 82-55 rout of USC. But California was hardly in the clear. Washington, an 82-73 winner over Washington State, was still in contention.

St. Mary's nuzzled its way past San Francisco 64-63 in an overtime throat-clutcher to take a near look on the West Coast crown, as skin-topped Larry Doss, who dropped in his last 12 shots against Loyola earlier in the week, added five more for a string of 17 successful field goal attempts. Utah roped Wyoming's Cowboy as 88-57, but was only a breath ahead of stalling Denver, which bombed Brigham Young 101-90, in the Skyline.

## THE NATION'S BEST

THE EAST	1 St. John's (13-4)
	2 St. Bonaventure (13-1)
	3 Dartmouth (14-4)
THE SOUTH	1 North Carolina (14-1)
	2 Kentucky (18-1)
	3 Auburn (16-9)
THE MIDWEST	1 Kansas State (17-1)
	2 Cincinnati (16-2)
	3 St. Louis (14-7)
THE SOUTHWEST	1 TCU (14-4)
	2 Oklahoma City (16-4)
	3 Texas Tech (12-6)
THE WEST	1 California (13-4)
	2 St. Mary's (12-4)
	3 Utah (15-4)

## SCOREBOARD

*A roundup of the sports information of the week*

FOR THE RECORD

**BOAT—BENJAMIN B. DUPONT, Post Office, Conn., equipped with Blazer 200 is running in 14-15 mile Nassau Sound with two Runners up. Max Muschler, White Plains, N.Y., in pair 1 Calhoun. Three days later Muschler sailed Calhoun in running in 20-mile Nassau Cup race.**

**GEORGE TAYLOR, Oregon, Fla., set new record for class A ketches in (average) trip regular, (fastest), Fla., with run of 43 1/2 mph. 1950, 43 1/2 mph. 1951, 43 1/2 mph. 1952, 43 1/2 mph. 1953, 43 1/2 mph. 1954, 43 1/2 mph. 1955, 43 1/2 mph. 1956, 43 1/2 mph. 1957, 43 1/2 mph. 1958, 43 1/2 mph. 1959, 43 1/2 mph. 1960, 43 1/2 mph. 1961, 43 1/2 mph. 1962, 43 1/2 mph. 1963, 43 1/2 mph. 1964, 43 1/2 mph. 1965, 43 1/2 mph. 1966, 43 1/2 mph. 1967, 43 1/2 mph. 1968, 43 1/2 mph. 1969, 43 1/2 mph. 1970, 43 1/2 mph. 1971, 43 1/2 mph. 1972, 43 1/2 mph. 1973, 43 1/2 mph. 1974, 43 1/2 mph. 1975, 43 1/2 mph. 1976, 43 1/2 mph. 1977, 43 1/2 mph. 1978, 43 1/2 mph. 1979, 43 1/2 mph. 1980, 43 1/2 mph. 1981, 43 1/2 mph. 1982, 43 1/2 mph. 1983, 43 1/2 mph. 1984, 43 1/2 mph. 1985, 43 1/2 mph. 1986, 43 1/2 mph. 1987, 43 1/2 mph. 1988, 43 1/2 mph. 1989, 43 1/2 mph. 1990, 43 1/2 mph. 1991, 43 1/2 mph. 1992, 43 1/2 mph. 1993, 43 1/2 mph. 1994, 43 1/2 mph. 1995, 43 1/2 mph. 1996, 43 1/2 mph. 1997, 43 1/2 mph. 1998, 43 1/2 mph. 1999, 43 1/2 mph. 2000, 43 1/2 mph. 2001, 43 1/2 mph. 2002, 43 1/2 mph. 2003, 43 1/2 mph. 2004, 43 1/2 mph. 2005, 43 1/2 mph. 2006, 43 1/2 mph. 2007, 43 1/2 mph. 2008, 43 1/2 mph. 2009, 43 1/2 mph. 2010, 43 1/2 mph. 2011, 43 1/2 mph. 2012, 43 1/2 mph. 2013, 43 1/2 mph. 2014, 43 1/2 mph. 2015, 43 1/2 mph. 2016, 43 1/2 mph. 2017, 43 1/2 mph. 2018, 43 1/2 mph. 2019, 43 1/2 mph. 2020, 43 1/2 mph. 2021, 43 1/2 mph. 2022, 43 1/2 mph. 2023, 43 1/2 mph. 2024, 43 1/2 mph. 2025, 43 1/2 mph. 2026, 43 1/2 mph. 2027, 43 1/2 mph. 2028, 43 1/2 mph. 2029, 43 1/2 mph. 2030, 43 1/2 mph. 2031, 43 1/2 mph. 2032, 43 1/2 mph. 2033, 43 1/2 mph. 2034, 43 1/2 mph. 2035, 43 1/2 mph. 2036, 43 1/2 mph. 2037, 43 1/2 mph. 2038, 43 1/2 mph. 2039, 43 1/2 mph. 2040, 43 1/2 mph. 2041, 43 1/2 mph. 2042, 43 1/2 mph. 2043, 43 1/2 mph. 2044, 43 1/2 mph. 2045, 43 1/2 mph. 2046, 43 1/2 mph. 2047, 43 1/2 mph. 2048, 43 1/2 mph. 2049, 43 1/2 mph. 2050, 43 1/2 mph. 2051, 43 1/2 mph. 2052, 43 1/2 mph. 2053, 43 1/2 mph. 2054, 43 1/2 mph. 2055, 43 1/2 mph. 2056, 43 1/2 mph. 2057, 43 1/2 mph. 2058, 43 1/2 mph. 2059, 43 1/2 mph. 2060, 43 1/2 mph. 2061, 43 1/2 mph. 2062, 43 1/2 mph. 2063, 43 1/2 mph. 2064, 43 1/2 mph. 2065, 43 1/2 mph. 2066, 43 1/2 mph. 2067, 43 1/2 mph. 2068, 43 1/2 mph. 2069, 43 1/2 mph. 2070, 43 1/2 mph. 2071, 43 1/2 mph. 2072, 43 1/2 mph. 2073, 43 1/2 mph. 2074, 43 1/2 mph. 2075, 43 1/2 mph. 2076, 43 1/2 mph. 2077, 43 1/2 mph. 2078, 43 1/2 mph. 2079, 43 1/2 mph. 2080, 43 1/2 mph. 2081, 43 1/2 mph. 2082, 43 1/2 mph. 2083, 43 1/2 mph. 2084, 43 1/2 mph. 2085, 43 1/2 mph. 2086, 43 1/2 mph. 2087, 43 1/2 mph. 2088, 43 1/2 mph. 2089, 43 1/2 mph. 2090, 43 1/2 mph. 2091, 43 1/2 mph. 2092, 43 1/2 mph. 2093, 43 1/2 mph. 2094, 43 1/2 mph. 2095, 43 1/2 mph. 2096, 43 1/2 mph. 2097, 43 1/2 mph. 2098, 43 1/2 mph. 2099, 43 1/2 mph. 2100, 43 1/2 mph. 2101, 43 1/2 mph. 2102, 43 1/2 mph. 2103, 43 1/2 mph. 2104, 43 1/2 mph. 2105, 43 1/2 mph. 2106, 43 1/2 mph. 2107, 43 1/2 mph. 2108, 43 1/2 mph. 2109, 43 1/2 mph. 2110, 43 1/2 mph. 2111, 43 1/2 mph. 2112, 43 1/2 mph. 2113, 43 1/2 mph. 2114, 43 1/2 mph. 2115, 43 1/2 mph. 2116, 43 1/2 mph. 2117, 43 1/2 mph. 2118, 43 1/2 mph. 2119, 43 1/2 mph. 2120, 43 1/2 mph. 2121, 43 1/2 mph. 2122, 43 1/2 mph. 2123, 43 1/2 mph. 2124, 43 1/2 mph. 2125, 43 1/2 mph. 2126, 43 1/2 mph. 2127, 43 1/2 mph. 2128, 43 1/2 mph. 2129, 43 1/2 mph. 2130, 43 1/2 mph. 2131, 43 1/2 mph. 2132, 43 1/2 mph. 2133, 43 1/2 mph. 2134, 43 1/2 mph. 2135, 43 1/2 mph. 2136, 43 1/2 mph. 2137, 43 1/2 mph. 2138, 43 1/2 mph. 2139, 43 1/2 mph. 2140, 43 1/2 mph. 2141, 43 1/2 mph. 2142, 43 1/2 mph. 2143, 43 1/2 mph. 2144, 43 1/2 mph. 2145, 43 1/2 mph. 2146, 43 1/2 mph. 2147, 43 1/2 mph. 2148, 43 1/2 mph. 2149, 43 1/2 mph. 2150, 43 1/2 mph. 2151, 43 1/2 mph. 2152, 43 1/2 mph. 2153, 43 1/2 mph. 2154, 43 1/2 mph. 2155, 43 1/2 mph. 2156, 43 1/2 mph. 2157, 43 1/2 mph. 2158, 43 1/2 mph. 2159, 43 1/2 mph. 2160, 43 1/2 mph. 2161, 43 1/2 mph. 2162, 43 1/2 mph. 2163, 43 1/2 mph. 2164, 43 1/2 mph. 2165, 43 1/2 mph. 2166, 43 1/2 mph. 2167, 43 1/2 mph. 2168, 43 1/2 mph. 2169, 43 1/2 mph. 2170, 43 1/2 mph. 2171, 43 1/2 mph. 2172, 43 1/2 mph. 2173, 43 1/2 mph. 2174, 43 1/2 mph. 2175, 43 1/2 mph. 2176, 43 1/2 mph. 2177, 43 1/2 mph. 2178, 43 1/2 mph. 2179, 43 1/2 mph. 2180, 43 1/2 mph. 2181, 43 1/2 mph. 2182, 43 1/2 mph. 2183, 43 1/2 mph. 2184, 43 1/2 mph. 2185, 43 1/2 mph. 2186, 43 1/2 mph. 2187, 43 1/2 mph. 2188, 43 1/2 mph. 2189, 43 1/2 mph. 2190, 43 1/2 mph. 2191, 43 1/2 mph. 2192, 43 1/2 mph. 2193, 43 1/2 mph. 2194, 43 1/2 mph. 2195, 43 1/2 mph. 2196, 43 1/2 mph. 2197, 43 1/2 mph. 2198, 43 1/2 mph. 2199, 43 1/2 mph. 2200, 43 1/2 mph. 2201, 43 1/2 mph. 2202, 43 1/2 mph. 2203, 43 1/2 mph. 2204, 43 1/2 mph. 2205, 43 1/2 mph. 2206, 43 1/2 mph. 2207, 43 1/2 mph. 2208, 43 1/2 mph. 2209, 43 1/2 mph. 2210, 43 1/2 mph. 2211, 43 1/2 mph. 2212, 43 1/2 mph. 2213,**

**CONSELEADING**—EDGEMO MOUNTY and KENYA MUKETA, Italy, two-man world championship, with 2,45.55 aggregate for four runs down mile-long course Ant Tyley, Weston, Mass., and Loret

Two Birds, Vero, Calif., one third with 1 PL 67  
 TWO BIRDS - BOY MARLIN, 10-round clutch one  
 John Bird, Huntington, El Paso, Texas. Second  
 and 10-round light stopped by a hawk. One  
 with authority after 10-round clutch.  
 DEL. PL. 67. 10-round clutch one  
 John Bird, Huntington, El Paso, Texas.

**FIGURE SKATING** **A**NDREW HEISS, North American Men's Champion, for second straight year, Toronto; **DON FALKMAN**, Canadian champion, with male division.

**FOOTBALL** KHAL BLAINE, retired Army coach, appointed vice-president of New Manufacturing Company, BRENDA N. deposed Nuts Bone coach, appointed to Cincinnati Redlegs staff to help condition baseball club in spring training. Houston also announced plans to join Chicago after of Goldman, Sachs & Company, investment banking firm.

**BOB**—**GENE LITTLE**, San Diego, 217, 1st Place; **Open**, with 68 for 12 holes; **Hammock**, Art Wolf, Fortuna, Maine, 76, with 68; **HARDY**—**MCINTIRE**, Lake Park, Fla., 1st; **Bob**, South Haven's amateur, 8 and 4 over; **Wes Ann**, Cary, Johnston, Meigs Co., Tenn.

**HOBBES MAGNUS STEADFAST** 801 BELT 7000 Mr.  
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TEMPERATURE 11 per. 1000 San Francisco II, 1/4 m.  
by 1/2 m. in 1/2 m. Santa Lucia. Miller Show.

**(09768888) SYLVIA RUSSULA**, cf. *Sylvia*

**CONF.** 220-pound and 200-cm-tall butterfly in 2:20.1 for world records. Sydney, Australia. **JOHN KUNLEAD,** Australia, 220-pound and 200-cm-tall freestyle in 4:19 for world records. **JOHN DEJITT,** Australia, 220-pound freestyle in 3:51 for world record.

**TRACK & FIELD**—**MRS. BARNWELL**, 26, University of Pittsburgh, 500-yard run in 35 seconds for world indoor record.

**MILWAUKEE—**DEAD NAPOLEON LARUE, 75, longtime second baseman who played seriously with the Philadelphia Nationals, Philadelphia Athletics and Cleveland, and in 1947 became charter member of baseball's Hall of Fame, of pneumonia, in Dayton, Ohio, Feb. 14, 1960. Loe-jost won the American League's first hitting championship with an average of .355, which set

**DEED RAY KILGORE**, 46, three-division world champion who was born in 1955, a year after Willie Hooper retired, after a long absence in Culver City, Calif. Kilgore's death followed Hooper's by three days.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

[illegible]

faces in the crowd . . .



LIEUT. BILL DELLANDER of Air Force ran two miles in 8:50 at Boston AA indoor games, set world record, shaving .5 second off Horace Ashenfelter's five-year-old mark in first try at distance indoors.



CHRIS VON HALTER, of Los Gatos, Calif., is in Australia for nationals that meet this week, broke Anne's 200-meter backstroke record with time of 2:39.7 in a wetsuit-thrash in Brisbane.

NICOLA MAHONÉ, French-speaking Italian of Montreal, won the world snowshoe racing championship in five-mile meet sponsored by International Snowshoe Congress at Manchester, N. H.



COHNELLA HARRIS, DIV. of Wayne, N.J., won women's berth on 1968 U.S. Olympic speed-skating squad. At 15, she is second athlete so young ever to be placed on a U.S. Winter Olympic team.



LARRY COLLEY MIDDLE-ELL, British test pilot, tipped down icy Cresta ran on light-weight skeleton sled at speeds of 80 mph, won world Cresta championship at St. Moritz, Switzerland, last December.



WINTA CLEET, 11, of Chaldersburg, Ala., shot a perfect 100 x 100 to win the all-gauge championship at the Mid-Winter Skeet competition at North Carolina's Pinehurst Gun Club.



LLOYD SWENSD, 44, four-time national veterans ski jumping champion of Chetek, Wis., was appointed coach of 1969 U.S. Olympic ski team, called his new job "my highest ever."



our exclusive blazers  
in imported flannel

First choice of university men: our natural-line blazer in the finest-quality British flannel. Authentically old school with brass buttons on navy, silver tone on grey; 36-44 regulars, shorts, longs, extra longs. \$5.00. Mail and phone orders filled.

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Princeton, Cambridge, Chicago, Detroit, Beverly Hills.



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Cruising the Nile in style is equally fun, no doubt—but for effortless, relaxing travel it's not in a class with flying an AutoLite Piper equipped with Piper AutoControl, the sensational new automatic flight system that takes all the effort out of flying. It's available now in three Piper models for '39—the twin-engine Apache, high-performance Comanche, popular Tri-Pacer. Get the details today from your Piper dealer or write Dept. S-3.



**PIPER**  
AIRCRAFT Corp.  
Lock Haven, Pa.



JAMES CROW—Historians credit this Kentucky farmer from Edinburgh as the first man to make a quality bourbon the essence of the sour mash process, and to use scientific methods in distilling.

# Why Old Crow should be your bourbon

The day James Crow's bourbon appeared, 124 years ago in Kentucky, real bourbon was made for the first time. The people and the leading figures of the era instantly knew it.

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Why? Because this is the perfect formula for bourbon. You can taste its inborn Kentucky mellowness, its surprising lightness, its clean flavor. Others can come close to it, but the inimitable, authentic bourbon stamp of Old Crow makes it the master today as it was the day it first appeared to delight the world. Have you tried it?

*Taste the greatness of . . .*

## OLD CROW

*"The Spirit of America in Bourbon"*

*... light, mild 86 proof*



THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY., DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.

## COMING EVENTS

February 13 to February 19  
1989 • U.S.A.

• Color • Video • TV • Video • TV • Video • TV

### Friday, February 11

- BOXING**  
• Ruffin vs. Andrew, Lights, Toledo, Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. HBO
- TRACK & FIELD**  
Philadelphia Inauguration • Philadelphia

### Saturday, February 12

- BASKETBALL** • college  
• Carroll at Tennessee, 8 p.m. HBO  
• Kentucky vs. North Carolina, 10 p.m. HBO  
• Utah at Kentucky  
• Maryland at North Carolina State  
• Michigan at Michigan State  
• North Carolina at Louisiana Tech  
• Purdue at North Carolina, Big Ten Regional, Sports Network, 10 p.m.  
• Oklahoma State at Kansas State  
• St. Louis at Drake  
• SMU at Rice, Mid-Southern at Big South  
• Sports Network, 10 p.m.  
• West Virginia at Richmond, 10 p.m.
- CONCERTS** at Philadelphia  
• Minor league at St. Louis  
• Sinatra at Boston
- BOWLING**  
• Women's Major League Bowling, 7 p.m.  
• John & Fred Lytle, 10 p.m. HBO  
• American Bowling Congress Tourney, St. Louis through April 26
- HOCKEY**  
• Chicago at Toronto  
• Montreal at Boston, 8 p.m. HBO
- HORSE RACING**  
• Hialeah, 10 p.m. HBO  
• Kentucky, 10 p.m. HBO  
• Santa Anita, 10 p.m. HBO  
• Sports Network, 10 p.m. HBO  
• Sports Network, 10 p.m. HBO
- SKATING**  
• U.S. World Speed Skating Championships, 10 p.m.  
• U.S. World Figure Skating Championships, 10 p.m.
- TRACK & FIELD**  
• New York City, Madison Square Garden, New York

### Sunday, February 13

- AUTO RACING**  
• Daytona Beach Speed Week, Daytona Beach, Fla. through Feb. 22
- BASKETBALL** • college  
• Connecticut at New York  
• Detroit at Boston  
• Philadelphia at Seattle  
• St. Louis at Minneapolis, 2 p.m. HBO
- HOCKEY**  
• Boston at Chicago  
• Montreal at New York  
• Toronto at Detroit
- HORSE SHOW**  
• Breckville Winter Show, Breckville, N.Y.

### Monday, February 14

- BASKETBALL** • college  
• Kansas State at Oklahoma  
• Michigan State at Northeastern  
• St. Louis at Bradley  
• Tulsa at Oklahoma  
• Utah at West Virginia
- BATHING**  
• Lido Beach, 10 a.m. through 10 p.m. HBO  
• Lido Beach, 10 a.m. through 10 p.m. HBO
- BOXING**  
• American vs. T. J. Chase, 10 p.m. HBO

### Wednesday, February 16

- BASKETBALL** • college  
• North Carolina State at North Carolina  
• Vanderbilt at Kentucky  
• West Virginia at Pittsburgh  
• 10 p.m. HBO  
• Detroit at Minneapolis  
• New York at Cincinnati
- BOXING**  
• 10 p.m. HBO  
• Lido Beach, 10 p.m. HBO
- HORSE RACING**  
• Keeneland Stakes, 10 p.m. HBO

### Thursday, February 17

- BOXING**  
• 10 p.m. HBO  
• Lido Beach, 10 p.m. HBO
- HORSE RACING**  
• Keeneland Stakes, 10 p.m. HBO

\*See local listing

The closer you shave...

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It's Medicated

Medicated shaving lather now lets you shave closer without irritation!

Close shaves make your skin sore? Why let them? Get Noxzema's famous skin care formula in this medicated instant shaving lather. Extra-rich. Sets up whiskers so they don't snag. No sting, no skin irritation—thanks to famous Noxzema skin protection.

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MAKE THIS PENCIL TEST YOURSELF:



ORDINARY LATMERS can't hold pencil up. Often let whiskers drag, too. So your razor snags, irritates.

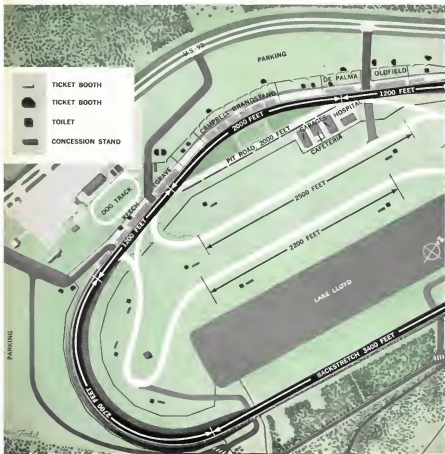
NOXZEMA LATHER holds up whiskers as it does this pencil. Extra-rich. No irritation—even when you shave close.

**NOXZEMA** the only medicated "comfort-shave!"

# NEW HOME FOR SPEED

by KENNETH RUDEEN

A first look at one of the world's finest auto racing tracks,  
and probably the fastest of all, which gets its  
christening next week in the Speed Week at Daytona Beach



DAYTONA BEACH, Fla. has been up to its sunburned neck in automotive speed for more than half a century. In the get-a-horse days, romantic daredevils like Barney Oldfield furrowed the smooth sands at the Atlantic's edge, and for a time world-famous seekers of absolute land speed records—men like Sir Malcolm Campbell—brought their monsters to the same inviting shore. But since the mid-1930s, when the speed-record men changed allegiance to the vast Bonneville Salt Flats of

Utah, Daytona has not been able to boast the superlative "fastest."

Now, on the eve of the annual Speed Week (Feb. 15 through 22), Daytona has a magnificent new automobile race track, and if it is not the fastest in the world a lot of citizens will have to eat their hats.

This impressive racing plant, diagrammed at left, is called the Daytona International Speedway. It is the greatest achievement of a rumpled, 49-year-old, deceptively casual giant of a man named William Henry Gentry France. Many other hands were involved in it, to be sure, but it was Bill France who dreamed the dream and bulldozed it through.

Six years in the planning and more than a year abuilding, the speedway sprawls over what was, not long ago, a swampy pine-and-cypress thicket at the western edge of Daytona. The city airport is conveniently near. So is a one-fifth-mile dog racing track. A jai alai fronton is going up across the highway.

The principal element of the speedway is a 2½-mile superfast track of asphaltic concrete, banked at a steep 31° in the two big turns and at 18° in the apex of the fast dogleg past the grandstands. To the eye the high banks seem even steeper than 31° suggests; this illusion invariably draws ohs and ahs from visitors, and France gleefully says the view from the top is "like looking down off a jailhouse roof."

The lap distance of 2½ miles was candidly chosen to equal that of the Indianapolis "500," this nation's foremost and the world's richest race, but the shape of the Daytona course is unique. It was conceived by France to make possible an unobstructed view from the grandstands. No part of the track called a tri-oval by the Daytona people is obscured, nor does a spectator have to lean forward, past adjacent fans, to focus on distant action on the homestretch.

Already in place are grandstands seating 18,800 and portable bleachers accommodating 6,500 more. There is parking space for 35,000 cars in areas outside and in, and space for approximately 75,000 spectators in the enormous infield.

A road course of slightly over two miles has been laid out in the infield. This will be used in conjunction with the speed track for road racing, providing a total lap distance of about

4.5 miles. Additionally, there is a course for motorcycle racing.

The 45-acre lake in the infield, nine feet at its deepest and 1,000 yards long, was made simply by digging down below the level of the water table. Part of the dirt removed was used to bulwark the banked sections of the track. Everything but the squeal of the racers' tires, by the way, seems destined to be utilized in this project. The lake, named for the Daytona civic leader J. Saxton Lloyd, who worked assiduously to promote the speedway plan, will serve not only as an ornament but also as a site for hydroplane racing. Eventually there will be a football field in the plot of ground between the pit access road and the central grandstand.

Every responsible racing official is acutely concerned with safety these days, and the solutions at Daytona seem to have been well thought out. A thick, steel-reinforced, 42-inch-high concrete wall extends along the outside of the track in front of the stands, which are well above track level. Above the wall stands a 10-foot-high steel mesh fence, and surmounting this is a mesh overhang, extending trackward, which is meant to trap any object that might fly off a racing car—for example, a wheel. A steel guardrail encloses the rest of the track. Fencing keeps infield spectators well away from the racing strip.

Considered as a whole, the speedway is undoubtedly one of the very finest in the world. It is the only one built in the U.S. on what might be called a heroic scale since the Indianapolis Motor Speedway bowed in, in 1909. Many other racecourses have been built in the U.S. in the last few years, and some are elaborate, but they are primarily road, not track courses, and none is so imposing as the Daytona operation.

Probably only two other tracks stand comparison with it—the high-banked, 2.64-mile oval at Monza, Italy, and, of course, Indianapolis. The fastest track in the world today is the one at Monza, where the record average speed for a race is just over 166 mph. This was set last summer by the Indianapolis driver Jim Rathmann as he won the Monza 500-mile race in a typical Indy roadster. The record for a single lap at Monza is a breathtaking 177 mph.

Stock cars tuning up for the three

continued





AERIAL VIEW EMPHASIZES SIZE OF VAST SPEEDWAY TRACT BETWEEN AIRPORT AND DOG TRACK. OCEAN IS IN THE BACKGROUND

#### DAYTONA continued

days of racing that will climax this month's Daytona Speed Week, Feb. 20-22, have already bettered 143 mph on the new track. This is sensationally fast for stock cars—a speed equal to that of a very quick lap at The Brickyard by the far more powerful, much lighter roadsters.

When the Indianapolis cars make their first visit to Daytona—in a 100-mile race April 4—they are likely to reach speeds never before recorded by racing cars on a closed circuit. Lap speeds of 175 to 180 mph—"a conservative estimate"—have been predicted by Thomas W. Benford, president of the U.S. Auto Club, which supervises racing in the "500."

Now there will undoubtedly be considerable gloating in Daytona when this occurs, because the citizenry is eager to see Indianapolis outdone, and the record for a single lap at The Brickyard is exactly 148.148 mph. Sheer speed alone, however, does not make a classic race. By its nature, the Indianapolis track, fast as it is, could never yield the speeds expected at Daytona. Yet the "500" has been thriving for years, and it annually attracts one of the world's largest sports gatherings. It exudes tradition. And if it has no spectacularly steep turns, it does have four

immensely difficult corners which demand driving of a high order. Daytona will complement Indianapolis, then, not overshadow it, no matter how fast the new track proves to be or how astutely it is managed.

Indeed, Bill France was aware, when he began to consider designs, that the track would have to outdo not Indianapolis but his own past promotions on the picturesque old beach and road course at Daytona. Weary of his dependence on the fickle sea for a raceworthy beach, he had decided years ago that the racing events of Speed Week must eventually be moved to a reliable location.

#### AN UNCOMMON MAN

That he then set out to build a supertrack is characteristic of him. There are three things to keep in mind concerning Bill France: his doggedness, his flair for the dramatic and his extraordinary ability to charm, win the confidence of and get constructive help from perfect strangers.

Here is an example. When already past the point of no return on the building of his dream track, the speedway corporation, which France heads, still needed large financial commitments to be sure of its completion. One day France happened to attend an airpower demonstration at

Eglin Air Force Base, Fla., where he met Clint Murchison Jr., son of the rich Texan. Young Murchison needed to make a quick trip to Miami, and France happened to have his private plane at hand. Result: an executive of Murchison's construction firm visited Daytona. Upon his recommendation France obtained a \$500,000 construction loan.

France has been turning on the charm ever since he arrived in Daytona in 1934, an automobile mechanic with a taste for racing.

"I'd always liked to fool around with race cars," he says. "I'd driven them some, and I'd gotten to love the smell of castor oil [a once-popular lubricant]."

When Sir Malcolm Campbell, last of the great Daytona speed merchants, forsook the beach for Bonneville in 1936, first the city and then the Elks Club promoted races at Daytona. These lost money. France, who had driven in these races, began in 1938 to share in the management of subsequent events. When racing was resumed after World War II, he became the principal sponsor. Influential friends flocked to his side. Ultimately the stock car races on the 4.3-mile beach-road course and the passenger car runs on the beach—the main ingredients of Speed Week—won national prominence.



France founded and developed NASCAR, the major U.S. stock car racing organization, and he promoted races in other cities of the Southeast. None had more color, however, than those on the Daytona sands, and no one worked harder at the racing game than Big Bill France.

He has always been a do-it-yourself man of formidable energy, seemingly unable to delegate authority completely. Anyone who has seen him attacking the workaday details of past races—including such trivial missions as shooing motorists from illegal parking places near the beach—will have guessed that he has had a hand in every aspect of the new speedway. In fact, a general contractor was not even employed. France personally negotiated the agreements for virtually every phase of the work. When this writer visited the speedway the other day, France had just sipped down to Miami in his plane to close an advertising deal. His codirectors, among them Paul (*New Force* of 1928) Whiteman and the former Detroit baseball executive Walter O. (Spike) Briggs Jr., have paid him the ultimate tribute by voting that the corporation take out a \$1 million insurance policy on his life.

Daytona has, year after year, crowded more and more events into its February outburst of speed, and this month the calendar is jammed as never before.

The preliminaries have been under way since the first of the month: practice and qualifying runs for some racing cars, tire testing by Firestone and Goodyear, the only U.S. companies which produce tires for racing.

The first eliminations in a new economy run at the speedway, sponsored by the Pure Oil Company, are

## SPEED WEEK SCHEDULE

(February 15 through 22)

**SUNDAY:** Flying mile beach runs for experimental (i.e., highly modified) cars and pickup trucks; finals of \$5,000 Pure Oil Co. economy run, at Daytona International Speedway (preliminary eliminations Feb. 12, 13).

**MONDAY:** Flying mile beach runs, prestige class (Cadillac Eldorado, Chrysler Imperial, Lincoln Continental); NASCAR driving-skill tests (speedway).

**TUESDAY:** Flying mile beach runs, Big Three class (Chevrolet, Ford, Plymouth); automobile transmission, single carburetor, production camshaft.

**WEDNESDAY:** Flying mile beach runs, standard production passenger cars and station wagons, primarily for optimum-performance 1959 models.

**THURSDAY:** One-way acceleration runs, standard production passenger cars and wagons, on the beach.

**FRIDAY:** Antique car races, noon; 100-mile NASCAR Grand National race (for closed stock cars), 2 p.m.; 100-mile convertible race, 3:30 p.m.

**SATURDAY:** 200-mile NASCAR modified-sportsman race, 2 p.m.; 25-mile consolation race for Friday's poorest performers, 4:15 p.m.

**SUNDAY:** 500-mile NASCAR Sweepstakes, for 64 late-model closed cars and convertibles, 12:30 p.m. Purse \$60,160.

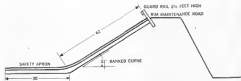
to begin this Thursday. Each contestant, driving an American passenger car, will try to get as many miles as he can from one quart of gasoline. There is a \$5,000 prize for the winner of Sunday's finals.

### FLYING DOWN THE SANDS

Also on Sunday begin the traditional straightaway trials on the broad, flat sands beside the sea. Things have quieted a bit since the days when the U.S. manufacturers sent platoons of engineers, mechanics, admen and publicity men to these trials, but even though the manufacturers have withdrawn, speeds have stayed up. It has become old stuff for a passenger car to exceed 120 mph on the beach. American luxury cars will have the sands Monday, low-priced cars Tuesday, a wide range of new, optimum-performance production models Wednesday, and on Thursday come the acceleration sprints from a standing start.

What everyone is really waiting for, however, is the onset of racing at the speedway. This will begin in earnest at 2 p.m. Friday with a 100-mile dash for the NASCAR Grand National cars (late-model closed cars), to be followed by a 100-mile race for convertibles. On Saturday the so-called modified and sportsman cars, those shabby jalopies with the wonderfully tuned engines, will have a 200-mile go. Finally, starting at 12:30 p.m. on Sunday, Washington's Birthday, 64 closed cars and convertibles will slam into the first turn of the speedway in the featured event, a 501-mile race for the largest purse ever offered in stock car racing, \$60,160.

"Over on the beach," Bill France says, "the good Lord always looked after us. When things looked bad and we needed an east wind to send those big waves to smooth out the sand, we always got one just in time. If we keep getting the breaks, this track will have to be equal to any." **END**



**CROSS SECTION** of high-banked turn (above) shows structural details. Surface of smooth asphaltic concrete is laid over 8 1/2-inch layer of gravel on earth embankment. Perimeter road lies outside safety guardrail. The apron is for disabled racing cars and emergency equipment. At right, Speedway President Bill France and Daytona Booster J. Saxton Lloyd stand before one of the spectacular turns.



## SPECTACLE

*Photographed by Jerry Cooke*

# Fight Night at the Garden

**At one time a noble and noisy fight arena, Madison Square Garden is now a mausoleum inhabited by a lonely crowd**

MAUSSOLLUS was the satrap of a place called Caria (377-353 B.C.), and his tomb, the original mausoleum, was one of the Seven Wonders of the World. And James D. Norris was, until a fortnight ago, the satrap of boxing in Madison Square Garden and during his reign (1949-1959 A.D.) the Garden became a mausoleum, and no wonder. From its opening on Dec. 11, 1925, when 17,675 watched Paul Berlenbach defeat Jack Delaney, until Norris, it was filled with great, noisy throngs on Friday nights, fight nights. It's still crowded for other sporting events, but for boxing it's a high, gloomy tomb, and the one or two thousand about the ring—its gleaming brass posts crowned by ruby lights, relics of another, gaudier era—sit in the vacant attitudes of people waiting for trains or until it is light or it stops raining. The balconies are empty; only the red eyes of the villain, television, brood upon the ring. Where did everybody go? They never left home and their TV's, where they can catch the show for nothing, and what it's worth.

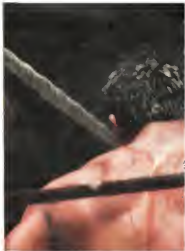
Who goes to the Garden on fight nights? The managers; the sportsmen to place like \$20 bets; servicemen on pass, tired of walking around and looking up; guys from the neighborhoods of the fighters; guys who get tax tickets and think they got a bargain; guys who never give up, and sometimes they see a fight, like some sublime error, which rewards their sentiment and faith. And Foulproof Tulyor who'll tell you he made F.D.R. president. He'll tell you he invented the protective cup which eliminated fouls; that his cup made Jim Farley, who was boxing commissioner; that Farley made F.D.R.

It would be one of the seven wonders of any world if boxing consistently filled the Garden again, made another president; but the Garden has new owners and, hopefully, new ideas.

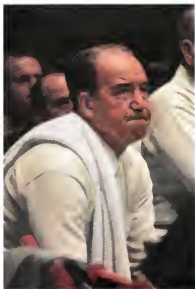


**THE PROLOGUE** is the solemn procession of second, fighter and second from the dressing room to the ring. Then the house lights go out, and in the white center of the vast Garden (below) the old, personal drama begins.





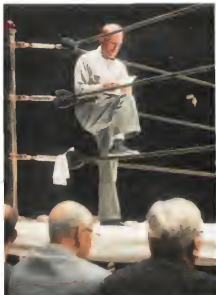
**IN THE MIDDLE** of the night, the fighter on the stool (above) wearily attends the entreaties of his second, water from the sponge slung down his back, and awaits the bell; the fans, some intent,





some somnolent, some knowing in back of their eyes, wait implacably for something sudden or something inevitable to happen; beneath the corner a second sits (below left) sourly contemplating his boy.





THE ATTITUDES of the supporting cast are traditional; only the fight is unique. The referee marks his card on his knee, the photographer rests his camera on the apron, waiting for a knockdown, the odd timekeeper sits by his clock and a handler clambers into the ring.



# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## Antitrust, But Not Very

OFFICIALLY the attitude was one of cautious "no comment," but in the higher echelons of Organized Baseball and pro football a tentative whimpering was plainly audible, as though the businessmen of big-time sport were not sure whether they were going to be spanked or not. On the one hand a Democratic Congress—in the person of Senator Estes Kefauver, who publicly fought a few entertaining no-decision rounds with some shadowy racketeers—was once again threatening to treat them just like other businessmen with no thought for the fact that they were all in the game just for the fun of it. (Why, even the Supreme Court had not dared wag an antitrust finger at the national pastime!) On the other hand the bomb labeled Senate Bill 886 that Senator Kefauver pitched into the legislative hopper might yet turn out to be little worse than a bad cold.

"A baseball-badgering bill!" roared Senator Kenneth B. Keating, who last year tried to get all major sports placed legislatively beyond the reach of such crass considerations as monopoly laws, but the Kefauver bill seemed on examination less intent

on badgering than on placating. What his bill proposes to do, stated simply, is to bring big league baseball and football under the antitrust laws (because they are a business) and then grant them broad exemptions (because they are a game).

The main provisions of S. 886 include a paring of the control of big



league operators over potential players. Baseball teams such as the Yankees (which now control some 200 players in their farm systems) and the Milwaukee Braves (which control some 250) would be limited to contracts with not more than 80 players each. The football draft system would be made dependent on the written consent of the players to be drafted.

Kefauver is also willing to guarantee a degree of monopoly to any team within the limits of a circle of 35 miles radius—provided no city within the circle is over 2 million in population—big enough, in other words, to support a couple of teams.

Thus, according to the trustbusting Keef, little Milwaukee, little Pittsburgh, little Cleveland *et al.*, can continue as monopoly towns, but the Yankees cannot have big New York all to themselves, and the White Sox can't kick the Cubs out of big Chicago or vice versa.

As for TV rights, which many consider the heart of the matter, the Senator seems content to leave all that up to the Federal Communications Commission, which "is in better position to strike a balance" than the Congress of the U.S.

Hearings? Yes, there'll be hearings. The word is, though, that the Senate has already heard all it can translate from Casey Stengel (SI, July 21), and will concentrate on the worried business types of Organized Baseball and pro football. Until the hearings, let's leave the Congress story right there.

## Philosophy of Babe Pinelli

ONCE upon a time there was a big league umpire who had a heart. Last week, speaking cautiously behind the padded protection of retirement, Ralph (Babe) Pinelli, late of the National League staff, supplied a little proof. It was of such heady stuff that real fairy tales are made. "In my case, I was willing to take the situation into consideration," reflected Mr. Pinelli. "If a kid was in the ninth inning trying for a no-hitter, I might call a close corner-cutter a strike. He deserved it."

What gave Pinelli's philosophy a haunting interest for baseball fans was that, as they well remembered, it was Babe Pinelli who was standing behind home plate that day in October 1956 when Pitcher Don Larsen of the New York Yankees, with the count two and one on Brooklyn's

*continued*

## They Said It

**BOB BRAGG**, nursing a steel suspicion of what might have joggled the pole-vault bar: "It might have been the religious medal I was wearing."

**THE EARL OF BORTHESK**, deploring poodle boom in London shows, lamenting decline of the bulldog: "A sign of the times. The country is becoming effete. All a result of women getting the vote."

**COWBOY JOHNNIE CHERBERG**, once head football coach at the University of Washington, now lieutenant governor of the state: "Presiding over the senate is a terrific job. When I compare it to coaching I note the lack of peaks of exhilaration, but it doesn't bring the depths of despondency either."

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Dale Mitchell, threw that last one in. Mitchell watched it go by, clearly of the opinion it had missed one corner. "Str-i-4-ke three!" yelled Babe Pinelli, and Don Larsen had a perfect game that could make him happy forever after.

Oh yes, we should point out that Don Larsen's no-hitter was the third in which Fairy Godfather Pinelli worked behind the plate.

### Cup Runneth Over

As Alex Olmedo stepped out of the plane in Los Angeles, he tossed a big silver cup to a friend in the welcoming crowd below. "Good Lord," said a worldly press photographer in awe, "is that the Davis Cup?"

It wasn't; it was the Brooks Trophy, another tennis souvenir of Australia which Olmedo brought back with him for winning the Australian singles championship. The Davis Cup itself was in the plane, though—erated and earned in the cabin instead of the luggage compartment—and it, too, was almost a personal trophy of the young Peruvian Indian who played for the United States.

The nighttime welcome and the cheers—it was 8:25 p.m.—were understandably for Olmedo. His three big grinning teammates (Barry MacKay, Earl Buchholz Jr. and Chris Crawford) modestly stood back and let him enjoy it. And though Davis Cup Captain Perry Jones tried to keep it a group affair, he couldn't. Alex Olmedo, his brown eyes and white teeth flashing, had his due.



In the terminal he made a short speech: "I tried to represent the United States as well as I could. . . I am very grateful to all the people in Australia . . . and right now I am very happy to be back in the States." ("Well done, Chief!" cried Barry MacKay, applauding.)

Someone asked if he planned to defend the Davis Cup next year, and

Olmedo brought a shout from the crowd by beginning hesitantly, "Well, if I can make the team. . ." (This year, he won both his singles matches and paired with Ham Richardson to win the doubles.) Switching to Spanish, in which he is far more fluent than in English, he made a tape recording for use in South America. Then someone wanted to know, in English, if Olmedo slept well the night before he played Australia's Ashley Cooper. "Oh, yes," said Olmedo, grinning. "Australian beer is very relaxing."

Once they had checked into their hotel, the four players drifted out onto Hollywood Boulevard, hoping to see some pretty girls. It was nearly midnight, though, and they had no luck. They drove to the USC campus where Olmedo is a student. His old automobile was parked where he had left it two months before, its battery now run down. The victorious Davis Cup team was suddenly just four kids with nothing much to do.

Returning to Hollywood, the boys stopped at the Brown Derby for a postmidnight snack. Olmedo's choice was a chicken-and-bacon sandwich, a screwdriver and five Coca-Colas. Two pretty girls in the next booth recognized the players, smiled, accepted a batch of Australian newspaper clippings as references and joined the party.

The following evening, at a testimonial dinner for Perry Jones, Alex Olmedo made another speech: "At Brisbane, it was hot and humid. We had to wear light clothes and the lightest haircut you can get. In your private life it helps to wear your haircut long—but on the Davis Cup team we are not interested in girls; our main interest is in the game."

"Mr. Jones said, 'Never give up, try all the time, and get to bed early.' And we really deserved to win and I am glad we won. New Year's Eve, after we won the Davis Cup, I passed out at 1:30. [There was a shocked roar of laughter.] I kept saying, 'I will have one more—and one more—and one more.' And finally they picked me up and put me in my room, and when I woke up I was sleeping on the floor."

Champion athletes rarely confess at public dinners that they are human enough to have a hangover: Olmedo captured his audience with the simple tactic of honesty. At the end, though, the shy, nice-looking boy from Peru turned serious, and in his accented English told the \$12.50-a-plate gathering what he wanted them to know: "I am glad they gave me this chance and nominated me a member of the USLTA Davis Cup team and engraved my name, and I want to thank everybody who had anything to do with it."

### It's Called the Biathlon

FOR several startling hours on the slopes of peaceful Squaw Valley this week, it may seem as if enemy paratroops have dropped in at last. Skilled skiers, many of them clad in the olive drab of the U.S. armed forces, will be hurtling down the mountainsides armed with loaded rifles. From time to time each of them will drop to the ground, fire five rounds at a distant target, then be up and off again at top speed.

The skiers, 20 of them from the U.S., one each from England, Norway, Sweden, Finland and the U.S.S.R., will be competing in what amounts to a preliminary trial for the world biathlon championships to be held late this month at Courmayeur, Italy.



Invented in the 1930s in Scandinavia (where the experience of hostile invasion is recent and pungent), biathlon is a combination of cross-country skiing and rifle marksmanship that demands top performance in each department. It has been recognized as an international sport only since 1958 when the U.S. sent an inexperienced team to the first world championships in Scaalfelden, Austria and got hopelessly trounced, largely through bad shooting.

Biathlon shooting must be far



better than just good because of the difficulty accompanying it. Four times during a 20-mile run the bathroom competitor must stop and fire five shots at a target about the size of a phonograph record set from 100 to 250 yards away. At one stop he fires from a standing position; at the other three he fires prone. Each time he misses the target two minutes is added to his skiing time. Since each man must fire while breathless, in a hurry, shaking from exhaustion and often shivering with cold, bullseyes are not common.

Since early last summer, with the blessing of the U.S. Army, Civilian Ski Coach Hans Wagner has been busily polishing the shots and the schusses of a U.S. team composed of the best skiers the Army could round up. By last week, after months of arduous training and conditioning at Fort Richardson near Anchorage, Alaska, every one of them had behind him at least 1,000 hours of rugged skiing and 5,000 rounds of often well-directed ammunition. "Firing," said Coach Wagner, "that's still our big problem. That's what we keep striving for—hit 'em, hit 'em, hit 'em!" In one workout in Alaska before leaving for Squaw, one of the best U.S. skiers missed the target 18 out of 20 times, adding a whopping 36 minutes to his skiing time. "But at least," said Wagner, "we feel our chances are much better than they were before."



FIVE MAYORS ARE NEGOTIATING FOR JOHANSSON-PATTERSON FIGHT

—News Item

## Look Ma, No Skis

IN an invitational meet in Duluth the other day a 26-year-old ski jumper named Chuck Ryan pushed off, sped down the track and soared into space. There he was, with the sky above, the crowd below and emptiness all around, a situation Ryan had long been accustomed to. But this time, Ryan found, he was in space without his skis. They were back at the takeoff—right where he had jumped out of them.

"I figured the only thing to do was to come in like a ballplayer sliding into second," he said later. So he sailed through the air for 150 feet, touched down on the runway boots

first and slid for 150 more feet in a swirl of snow. Then he got up and walked off unhurt.

## If the Shoe Fits

FOR FOOTING IT across the United States, nothing quite does the job like ripple sole shoes. We quote the testimony of Ervin Erkfitz who did it (SI, Dec. 8). On the other hand, so to speak, for destroying a golfer's composure on the putting green, nothing, again, quite does the job like ripple sole shoes. And we quote Horton Smith, two times Masters champion and now the Detroit Golf Club professional. "Psychologically speaking," spoke Smith at a United

States Golf Association turf clinic in New York the other day, "all those little ripple sole ridges and gullies in the grass are murder."

Up to that point, the most arresting discussions of the meeting had dwelt on such ideas as when to use a certified bentgrass (Oregon-bred Colonial Astoria Blue Tag, for instance) and what to do about snow mold and dollar spot. But when Smith declared himself on ripple soles, more than a ripple of interest spread through the 181 golf course men in the audience.

"And while we're at it," said one greenkeeper, "whatever made the USGA approve ripple sole shoes in

continued

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

the November issue of its journal?"

Marvin Ferguson, the national research coordinator for the USGA Green Section, who had written the article in question, rose up. "That, er, is a good question," he said. The report, he said, was prompted by an unproved theory making the rounds that ripple soles would scar the greens and kill the grass. "We conducted tests at Texas A&M," said Ferguson, "with two boys on Trans-Mississippi golf scholarships. They walked back and forth across our test green. They wore ripple soles and rubber cleats and spiked shoes. Over a period of five weeks, all three types of the shoes were walked across the green in a path 630 times." Could he help it, asked Ferguson, if the ripple soles did far less damage than the rubber cleats and spikes? And furthermore, could he help it that, in another phase of the tests, ripple footprints showed no appreciable effect upon a rolling golf ball? He could not, he pleaded. He still had his own reservations about ripple soles, of course.

"Well," said Horton Smith, unmollified, "my people out in Detroit aren't worried about ripple soles tearing up the green. And maybe it's true the footprints won't make the ball roll funny. But you just try to line up a good putt looking over millions of little lines going every whichaway." And he looked over the approving faces every whichaway around him. "Psychologically speaking, I tell you, it's murder."

### Gourmet

IT WAS, somehow, the most heartening news of the week: that Canada had it that after three days on the North American banquet trail Herb Elliott had eaten not a single raisin, not one flake of uncooked rolled oats, not a drop of peanut oil. In an unhelped-for departure from a training diet that would gag lesser men (SI, Feb. 9), the champion miler was taking every offered meal in easy, loping stride. And at a sports celebrities dinner in Toronto he paused only in the name of rudimentary conversational etiquette between courses of lobster cocktail, roast lake duckling

with applesauce, Brussels sprouts, oven-roasted potatoes, pears and ice cream with pastry on the side.

"When you're traveling around, you can't be sticky about the arrangements," he said.

### Victory in the Blood

NOT MANY hockey players know what norepinephrine is, though the stuff is as important to the game as trainers' liniment or owners' cash. Norepinephrine is a secretion of the sympathetic nervous system—a magical substance, a small amount of which makes lions roar, bulls charge, blood boil and hockey players dismember each other on the ice. It is a sort of elixir of aggression, and a good hockey player has about six times more of it throbbing in his system after a game than he does before one.

At least the Boston Bruins do; so far they are the only ones who have undergone urine tests, which in sport are well known among race horses but something of a novelty to working athletes. The testers were Fred Elmadjian, Justin M. Hope and Edwin T. Lamson (Ph.D., M.D. and M.A., respectively) whose experiments were part of a much larger research project.

Now norepinephrine is a comparatively recent discovery. Adrenaline was once thought to do the job which is now credited to norepinephrine. Adrenaline was believed to be a two-

purpose secretion which equipped not only lions to fight but rabbits to run. Adrenaline readied you for action, the experts said, and the kind of action you chose—fighting or running—depended on your temperament. Well, the experts turned out to be wrong. The different responses, it is now known, are produced by different substances, and the name of the elixir of flight is epinephrine. It is secreted by the adrenal medulla.

And who turns out to produce large amounts of epinephrine in the course of a game? Basketball players. The doctors learned this by subjecting the Boston Celtics to urine tests. This does not mean, however, that all Celtics are rabbits and all Bruins are lions; it simply means that the two groups play different games. If you put a basketball player in a hockey game, his system would soon churn out more norepinephrine than usual. In basketball, however, he doesn't need it. Basketball calls for vigilance, alertness and self-control, but not for red-eyed aggression. It calls, therefore, for epinephrine.

The radical exception to all this—there nearly always is one—was the basketball player Bob Cousy. He broke all the adrenal rules in a brilliant display of hormone activity that left the doctors breathless. (Doctors can find excitement in a test tube, just as other people can find it in a stadium.) Even before his game, Cousy was loaded with more norepinephrine than the hockey players and ten times more epinephrine than anyone else on his basketball team. It seems possible, at least, that Cousy's 10-year stay at the top of his profession can be credited not only to his speed and tactical skill but also to his hard-working adrenal medulla and his victory-loving sympathetic nervous system.

The doctors aren't through yet, and they have drawn no conclusions. But to the layman it seems pretty clear already that while it is illegal to dope a race horse, athletes administer stimulants to themselves legally every day. With athletes it is involuntary, unavoidable and beyond the reach of the law. It just happens because nature meant it to. **END**



### Athletic Scholarships

Some athletes run to brawn, not brains. So college registrars Are forced to curb the coaches who Keep reaching for the stars.

—CONRAD DIERMANN

# Panatela Profiles

by Robt. Burns

A characterization



*Ben Maugham—attorney—bachelor—lives in 200-year-old home near Princeton, N.J.—ancestors fought British on front lawn—favorite smoke: mild Robt. Burns Panatelas*



*Weekend skipper of 27' Chris Craft "Diana"—vacation—cruised to Nantucket—among full range of equipment aboard is built-in humidor holding 24 aids to more enjoyable cruising: slim, trim Robt. Burns Panatelas.*



*Prefers long-stemmed gals—hasn't been same since meeting one of Britain's most exciting examples—says girl he marries will have to fetch his Robt. Burns Panatela and slippers each evening.*



*Culinary inclined—specialty of the house: chicken Tetraggini—learned recipe while Army Major in Italy during World War II—firm believer in topping every meal with a smooth, flavor-rich Robt. Burns Panatela.*

Robt. Burns Panatela De Luxe—2 for 27¢. Other distinctive shapes: 2 for 25¢—15¢ each—3 for 50¢—25¢ each.

The reason for Robt. Burns' unique mildness Smooth Smoak Binder Tobacco—a new form of tobacco, completely veinless for even burning, smoother smoking.

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## THE HEART OF THE PROBLEM



DAVE, WHO MARRIED ELLEN QUILLMAN WHILE AT DUKE, WANTS AAU TO FACE FACTS

DAVE SIME, the handsome young U.S. champion sprinter shown at the right with his pretty wife, is neither soft nor lazy. He has therefore more reason than most to resent a charge that American amateur sports are shot through with indolence and impotence. This is a charge frequently made by one of the top spokesmen of U.S. amateurism, Olympic boss Avery Brundage, who voiced it most recently in this magazine only two weeks ago.

Contrasting the low percentage of American Olympic firsts today with the glowing records of a half a century before, Mr. Brundage seems to find equal blame for the decline of U.S. amateur sports in the athletic scholarships that permit the poor student to take part in them and in the spectator enthusiasm that helps make them possible by footing the inevitable bills. Professionalism, the automobile and golf are all drafted as well as serve as minor imps to the biggest Brundage devil of all, the high and mechanized standard of living enjoyed by all Americans.

Everything, Mr. Brundage seems to be saying, would be fine if the clock would just spin backward by about 50 years and amateurs would start running around for the fun of it just as they used to in his day.

It seemed to us at the time that this point of view was essentially that of a nostalgic oldster and that it overlooked a number of pertinent facts. It is, for instance, a fact that others besides Americans have come to enjoy a higher standard of living—a standard that in many cases permits them to run races where formerly

they might only have had a chance to run after goats or away from some manorial Simon Legree. It is a fact that careful supervision, training and coaching have at least as much, if not far more, to do with the making of champions than just running for the hell of it. It is a fact also that, while it's nice to run and play, there is living and working to be got on with as well.

We were just pondering these facts when a letter came to us signed Dave Sime, a name that must raise a certain degree of optimism even in the gloomy heart of Mr. Brundage. Dave had a good deal to say about what Mr. Brundage had said, and since he was talking not as a retired warrior reminiscing on forgotten battles but as a young soldier on the firing line, we think his words are worth repeating.

"Rather than condemning the American athlete and the high standard of living in our society," writes Sime, "we should examine the problems facing the amateur. The fact is that the auto is here to stay and kids aren't going to walk when they can ride, so let's be more constructive and go to the heart of the problem. The reason the United States is falling behind is because the Amateur Athletic Union is falling behind. The rules governing American amateurs are still those which took Jim Thorpe's medals away in 1913.

"There is an entirely different set of standards in Europe, where athletes are allowed many privileges which are strictly prohibited to American amateurs. They are often given jobs which permit them time off for

training or allowed to maintain a radio or a television program. In Russia, athletes are subsidized completely, but what American athlete, unless he is independently wealthy, can afford to take several summers off from his job? What distance runner can put in four or five hours of training a day and still keep a job and perhaps support a family? In track, the wife of an athlete cannot even accompany her husband on a summer tour.

"I am a great believer in competing for the love of competition. I hope that this is made clear by the fact that thus far I have not yielded to professional offers. However, my main obligation is to my chosen profession and to my family. I am not as fortunate as Thomas Jefferson, who diligently served his country for the love of service but had a private fortune to back him up.

"There are today many athletes who are unable financially to meet the demands placed on an amateur by the rules of the AAU. It is not surprising that many of them give up track for a sport such as baseball, basketball or football where they can feel not only the thrill of competition but the security of knowing they can make a living as well.

"If the United States falls behind in amateur athletics it is not because her athletes have lost the desire to work or the will to win," concludes Dave. "Instead of sitting back and making idealistic criticisms, it would be much more practical to reconsider some of our stringent rules on amateurism and let the AAU adapt itself to a changing society."

END



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Give yourself a nice change. Get away from the pallid highballs that try to be smooth, but simply taste weak.

Mix a connoisseur's highball with 7-Up. Seven-Up encourages all the good flavor in your whiskey to come out and be tasted. At the same time, 7-Up *soothes* your spirits. The result is a highball that's easy to take from the very first sip—yet hearty, and high in flavor.

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## '59 CORVETTE

by Chevrolet

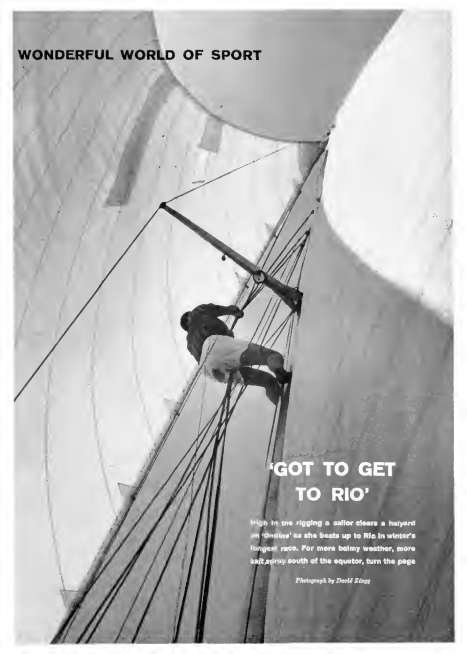
ONCE AGAIN, THE REAL McCoy—WITH AN EVEN SWEETER, SOLIDER WAY OF GOING!

Here's the '59 version of America's only honest-to-Pete sports car. The changes are not earth-shaking when you read them—but wait until you drive this one. Try the new parallelogram rear suspension and see what it does to power hop—how it nails all that torque right down on the pavement, how it smoothes the rear-end steering effect, how it cuts axle wind-up under hard braking. Check the new form-fitting seats, the reverse lockout in the four-speed transmission\*, the new "road" version of our metallic-lined brakes\*, the subtle improvements in driving position, the easier-to-read instruments.

But you get the idea. The '59 has been honed and polished and refined. And we feel free to say now that this is not only a veritable sports car—but it will handle, go and hang on better than any other production sports car in the world. Bar none!

It is a pure delight to drive. And if you haven't given Corvette a chance to talk to you yet, don't put it off any longer. This is the real thing, for real drivers. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

\*extra-cost option



WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

## 'GOT TO GET TO RIO'

High in the rigging a sailor clears a halyard in 'bendies' as she beats up to Rio in winter's longest race. For more balmy weather, more sail, spinny south of the equator, turn the page

*Photograph by David Long*

## ... 'GOT TO MAKE TIME'

FROM Buenos Aires to Rio, as the sea lanes go, it is 1,200 miles—and a more capitol course for a midwinter ocean race would be hard to find. So on January 18, 25 seagoing yachts reached down B.A.'s River Plate and headed for Rio. Ten days 23 hours and 31 minutes of balmy cruising later, the American yawl *Argyll*, owned and skippered by William T. Moore of Oyster Bay, N.Y., sailed into harbor under Rio's Sugar Loaf rock to win the Fita Azul—prized blue ribbon. Twenty-one hours behind *Argyll* came the spanking-new Argentine centerboard yawl *Tango*, sailing her first important ocean race and with a 33-hour handicap, to win on corrected time.

But the deep, shirts-off satisfaction of January sailing in warm seas was something all the yachtsmen could share. Aboard New Yorker S. A. Long's yawl *Ondine* was Writer-Photographer David Zingg, who kept

a log. Its spirit reflects the feeling of the dandy old Vincent Youmans song: "Got to get to Rio, and we got to make time." Excerpts:

*"January 18*—There's the warning gun. Gallop down to the line second early. Take restart. Cost us six minutes. *January 23*—Roaring along at 7½ knots. East of rhumb line and doing well against our own Class-A boats. *January 26*—Northeast winds make it tough going east. Taking gamble and heading toward shore. *January 29*—Sight landfall this morning at 7 o'clock. First escort we've seen in almost a week hoves in sight. We ask if anyone has finished yet. Reply: negative. Only 100 miles from Rio, a day's run, and no sign of predicted calms. Our luck seems to be holding. *January 31*—We make line, finally, after bottom drops out of weather. Gamble couldn't have been more wrong!" But Logkeeper Zingg was ready to do it again, next chance.

**BUENOS AIRES START** sends cluster of 25 ocean racers down the River Plate toward the Atlantic and Rio, 1,200 miles away. Yachts first had to sail through spectator fleet in the background, which the committee had been unable to clear before start.



**SHIP'S NUMBER** is held up for patrol plane, which kept tabs on fleet. *Ondine* was just halfway to Rio at this point.

**BUCKET BATH** goes up and drenchingly over—Creamman Robert Coulson, New York corporation lawyer. Briny Atlantic







**BOOM YANG.** loops of elastic cord used to hold down boom, is released by David Wells as heeling yawl prepares to go about.



**RIPPED OILSKIN** is taped by *Ondine's* owner, S. A. Long, using the quiet hull in the lengthy offshore passage to good advantage.



**BIG GENNY** is hastily hauled in by crewman before breaking out smaller No. 2 genny as wind and seas rise.

was only bath stuff available. "I hatched every other day," Coulson bragged. "Some of the crew didn't bathe at all."



**FASTEST YACHT, "ARGYLL,"** winner of Class A and the Fita Azul, was first boat to finish, by sailing east of Rio to pick up stronger winds, rather than working up coast. Most of the other yachts were becalmed when *Argyll* sailed into the harbor.



## MATINEE IN

SUCH ORDINARY Saturday matinee diversions as *Old Yeller*, *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* and *The Perfect Furlough* may be attractive enough for most out-of-town towns, but they were relegated to Class D entertainment in University Park, Pa. last week. More than 6,200 overflowed Penn State's Recreation Hall to watch State and Army gymnasts try to twist, turn and outclimb each other for what should settle at least the Eastern championships.

Over the last four winters the only losses these two teams have accepted have been losses to each other. Army, the ruling Eastern champions, arrived



GROWD AND CROSS-LEGGED TEAMMATES WATCH PENN

WEST POINTER Dave Hastings makes one-hand-at-a-time decent of 20-foot rope after climb as big crowd watches.

## PENNSYLVANIA

at University Park with 18 straight victories. To add to the local Pennsylvania strain, Army outscored State in tumbling over the mats and in the side-horse events, dropped a few points to State on the horizontal bar to lead 25-23 before the big crowd caught its breath during intermission.

Then, to make the Pennsylvania matinee almost memorably perfect, State came back to win the rope climb, the parallel bars and the flying rings and sink the Army 53½-42½. "Grace and skill," said happy Penn State (and two-time Olympic) Coach Gene Wettstone, "do have competitive attractiveness."

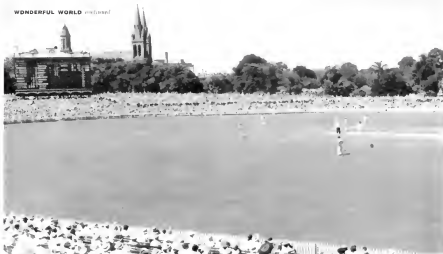
*Photographs by Morris Newman*



STATE'S LOU SAVADOVE TUMBLE NIMELY OVER MATS

**PENN STATER** Armando Vega completes a near-perfect demonstration on the parallel bars with a flawless dismount.





ON PLAYING FIELDS OF ADELAIDE OVAL, TOWER-SHADOWED, TREE-ROUNDED, DEATH COMES TO ALL-ENGLAND'S HOPES OF GLORY

## SURRENDER OF THE ASHES

**F**OR EIGHT WEEKS a goodly portion of the English-speaking peoples of the earth have been concentrating their gaze, almost to the point of world-forgetfulness, on the struggles of England and Australia for cricket's greatest prize: The Ashes—a five-inch urn filled with, yes, ashes. This time the scene of struggle was Australia, the champion English were favored to retain The Ashes, and the matches were marked as usual by brief-second flashes of brilliant play and even semidelirious response (see opposite page), punctuated, as usual, by long, stately, somnolent pauses.

In the first of the five matches, held in Brisbane, Aussie hopes rose as the English in their first innings (time at bat) scored only 134 runs before all its wickets fell (sode retired). The Aussies won that match and match No. 2 as well. In Melbourne, as the English hitters kept on dying at the wickets. Mourned Sir Len Hutton, captain of England's victorious teams in 1953 and 1955: "Our batting lacks liveliness of response." A gloating Aussie paper doubted the English "could beat the girls of St. Trinians." Sydney was a draw, but then came Match Four in Adelaide. England let Australia bat first ("Biggest blunder since the Boston Tea Party," said an Aussie paper). Australia ran up 476 runs, was never headed, won back The Ashes—compensation of a sort for losing the Davis Cup.



STAR BATSMAN OF FINAL TEST WAS AUSSIE COLIN MACDONALD



**DIVING CATCH** is made by Australian bowler Richie Benaud at Brisbane to the delight of his wicketkeeper (arms raised). Bowler, pitching from 22 yards away, tries to dodge two balls which rest atop wicket. Ball has cork center, leather cover, is slightly smaller and heavier than baseball.



**OFF AND RUNNING** at Sydney after delivering cricket's version of a home hit, England's Captain Peter May has leapt towards opposite wicket to exchange place with partner. May deflected Benaud's delivery off to the right between infielders called slips. This, the third test match, ended a draw.



**JOYOUS MOMENT** is registered clearly on faces of four British players as Wicketkeeper Sweetman catches deflected ball off the bat of Australia's popular Norman O'Neill. Such moments were rare for British team whose play throughout series was criticized as inept and quite disappointing.



CHAMPION WILLIE HOPPE PLAYED HIS LAST BILLIARDS TOURNAMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO IN MARCH 1932, WINNING HIS 51ST TITLE

## THE END OF A 60-YEAR REIGN

THE huge, ornate rosewood and mahogany billiard tables of another day are largely gone from the world and with them the precise and gentlemanly game that was once played on their smooth felt surfaces. Now the man whose name was virtually synonymous with that game has gone as well: Willie Hoppe died last week in Miami at the age of 71.

At 7, this quiet, single-minded perfectionist who is shown here at memorable stages of his long monarchy

was an unofficial champion goaded to excellence by an ambitious Hudson Valley barber father, who hoaxed his ears when he missed a shot. At 18 his world championship became official in Paris, and from then on for 46 years he won title after title playing exhibitions and matches before Presidents and poolroom boys. "I used to get 2,000 people to watch Hoppe," mourned one promoter of the great Edwardian sport. "If I had to invite 10 people to play now, I wouldn't know who to invite."



**VETERAN AT 10,** Willie Hoppe was often sharked into competition by his father, a McKinley-era barber, who used to taunt smart-aleck salesmen in poolrooms with the challenge, "I got a kid who could beat you."

**WORLD CHAMPION AT 18,** Hoppe won his title from the Frenchman Vignaux in Paris, played later at the White House for admiring William Howard Taft.



**VICTORIOUS HOPPE** smokes a rare cigarette at end of San Francisco tournament as dejected lover, Japan's Kinrey Matsuyama, surveys green baize battlefield. Said Hoppe: "It was time to get out while I was still able to win."



**PIONEERING STROBE SHOT** by Gjon Mili in early '40s shows extraordinary control Hoppe exercised on a billiard ball. At Hoppe's touch the unmarked cue ball kisses the first (potted) ball, arcs sharply backward to strike the first cushion, caroms at proper angle off each of adjacent cushions to fulfill the three-cushion rule and strikes striped ball for a perfect billiard.

**HOLLYWOOD MOVIE SHORT** of Coolidge era showed master of tricks as well as his trade lounce a billiard ball clean off table to score on Comic Buster Keaton's head in one of many short-subject movies that he made.



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Handsome it is—and handsome it does. These wagons give you the styling that set a new trend, plus a carload of family-fitting features, too.

**24 DIFFERENT WAGONS TO CHOOSE FROM—AMERICA'S LARGEST SELECTION**



**PLYMOUTH Deluxe Suburban**  
—one of 12 models



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—one of 4 models



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**CHRYSLER Windsor Town and Country**  
—one of 4 models



# CAN DO WAGONS

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They handle easy as a small car. They ride smoother than most sedans.

They carry big loads with more comfort than any other wagons on the road.

They can do what you've always wanted a wagon to do—and a little bit more, besides.

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Pushbutton driving. TorqueFlite, simple, mechanical, proved by over 15 billion miles. Pushbutton heater and air conditioner, too.

You push a button, nudge the gas, and go. Simple, mechanical pushbuttons drive these wagons. Placed at the left and arranged to give finger-touch control, they let you keep your right hand on the wheel and your eyes on the road.



More room to carry, more room to sit and seats fold flat to the floor at a touch.



Spare tire in fender. Out of the way but easy to get to. Lets you change tires without unloading cargo.

Seats fold to give huge cargo space. Over 95 cubic feet of space—enough to carry anything comfortably from a tall husband to a small boat.

Up front, the engines are built for big loads. But they're gas misers, too—even thrifter than the Chrysler Corporation engines that won the famous Mobilgas Economy Run the past two years.

No dips, no squats, no sways. Exclusive Torsion-Aire suspension



Locked hidden luggage compartment in 6-passenger wagons keeps valuables extra safe. (Chrysler Corporation Exclusive)

keeps these wagons steady and level on curves and rough roads—and even when you start and stop fast. It helps make them the easiest driving, smoothest-riding wagons on the road.

Engineered throughout for family safety. Rear-facing third seat is

the safest ever built for kids. Tuck 'em in, and they can't open the tailgate unless the rear window is down. And you control the window from the driver's seat!

Standard on all Can Do Wagons are huge, full-vision windshields; safety glass all around; electric wipers



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# NEW HOPES ARE ABOUNDING ON THE COURTS

U.S. youngsters are again showing the kind of zest for tennis that produced the greats of yesterday. The former Davis Cup Captain here previews some prospective champions of tomorrow

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

THERE seems definitely to be a strong revival of tennis interest among the half pints in the United States. If, as they say, the Davis Cup of 1958 was won or lost in 1953 (Alex Olmedo started in the U.S. in that year), then I think there is great hope for the future. We have some promising comers among our 12-to-16-year-olds. That is the age when the tennis bug bites. It is then that our future champions become infected.

On the following pages you will see 11 of our most exciting prospects in this category. In the boys' ranks we have a quartet of excellent prospects. Among the girls our outlook is even brighter. I think we have more fine young girl players in the country today than ever before in our history, and this is an opinion shared by many tennis experts.

These talented neophytes from all parts of the country are not just gifted tennis players. They have the early mark of greatness, the kind that Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall carried in their formative days around Sydney; the kind the fabulous Maureen Connolly displayed as an ingénue in southern California. They show a natural aptitude for the game. They love it. They play it well. Unless they are sidetracked by other interests, they will be our Wightman Cup and Davis Cup hopes of tomorrow.

How do you explain the sudden wave of tennis interest among the small fry? Perhaps it's the glamour of Jack Kramer's professionals, or it may be the result of the United States Lawn Tennis Association's junior development committee, ably guided by Martin Tresselt of Pittsburgh.

Tresselt's program has set up junior tennis leagues, much on the order of Little League baseball. Young players are encouraged to play and compete. They are given the best possible instruction and are permitted free admittance to the big tournaments.

Perhaps we are on the road back. With the Davis Cup back home and this apparent revival in youthful enthusiasm for the game, the future looks bright indeed.



KATHY CHAROT

This petite young San Diego lady is a charmer from the tip of her fauntleroy hairdo to the soles of



VICKI PALMER

The 1958 National Girls champion, Vicki celebrated her 14th birthday in January by winning the Thunderbird Women's title in her home town of Phoenix. She has a big serve for a youngster, is strong, plays an excellent backcourt game and has apparently overcome an indifference toward victory.



her Keds. Now aged 15, she has been runner-up in the 1958 Girls Nationals. She has a steady backcourt game but must learn to force the net.



**CHARLES PASARELL**

He won the National Junior Chamber of Commerce championship at Chapel Hill, N.C. last year. Now 14, he is a protégé of Willy Van Horn in Puerto Rico. He has a good serve and net game but needs tournament experience.



**CLARK GRAEBNER**

A determined Clevelander with a fine backhand, Clark, 15, is National Boys champion and winner of his class in this year's Orange Bowl Tournament. He is a real work horse, with a fine temperament, but lacks the necessary big game, which he will develop as he grows. His father and I were competing when we were both still in high school.



**BILLIE JEAN MOFFITT**

In California they are already talking about this 15-year-old from Long Beach as another potential Althea Marble. She has a devastating American twist serve, a lot of strength and stamina and is definitely one of the most promising youngsters on the West Coast.

**CONTINUED**



**ROBERTA ALISON**

If pretty 15-year-old Roberta from Alexander City, Ala. fulfills her promise she could become the first player of national reputation from her home state. Inspired by her father, she plays mostly from the backcourt and has tremendous power off both her forehand and backhand.



**DAVE SANDERLIN**

An outstanding athlete, having been a El Capitan, Calif., state, bats the ball with western pace and has developed excellent control with his ground strokes. He volleys with a deft touch and moves about the court extremely well. He has a fine sense of strategy for a 15-year-old.



**CLIFFORD BUCHHOLZ**

Cliff is the brother of the well-published Earl, who was with our 1976 Davis Cup squad in Australia. Age 15, he is National Indoor Boys champion. The son of a St. Louis pro, he has lightning reflexes, easy and graceful strokes and a fine fighting heart. But he tends to overhit.



**JULIE HELOMAN**

This smiling 14-year-old from New York City is a tennis star by inheritance. Her father, Julius, was once a ranking player in the U.S., and her mother, Gladys, publishes *World Tennis* magazine. Julie, who has a sound forehand and volley, holds the U.S. 13-and-under indoor title.



**CAROL HANKS**

A big girl with a big game, Carol has a good tactical approach to tennis through the benefit of excellent coaching. She volleys beautifully, but she needs to work on studying her ground game. Age 13, Carol comes from St. Louis and holds the Orange Bowl under-15 championship.

**JUSTINA BRICKA**

One of the rare southpaws in topflight tennis, Justina brings back memories of Kay Stammers. Only 16, she has great natural ability, plays with great rhythm and grace. She was runner-up in last year's National Girls Indoor, but she lacks experience. She is from St. Louis.

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LONGDEN AGGARD MOORE TURNS TO INSPECT FIRST OF HIS FOUR 1955 WINS OVER CITATION

REWARDS OF FRONT RUNNING

## HORSE RACING / *James Murray*

# Johnny comes riding home . . .

**Although injury and age have tried to slow him down, 49-year-old Jockey Johnny Longden continues on his winning ways**

THE millionaire with the weathered face who gazes so pensively out from the cover of this issue will ride in his 26,075th horse race this week. With all the races that are run every day around the country, this may not sound like too staggering a statistic. But think of it this way: when Johnny Longden rode his first winner—a horse called Hugo K. Asher—at Salt Lake City in 1927, Dempsey and Tunney were in their prime; Babe Ruth was setting his alltime record of 60 home runs in one season; Red Grange had only recently graduated from college and turned pro; Rene Lacoste was about to beat Bill Tilden in the finale of the national tennis championship; Tommy Armour was the National Open golf champion and Bobby Jones the amateur champ (he was still three years away from his famous Grand Slam). To be sure, these celebrated athletes of the past were a bit senior to the young jockey in Salt Lake City, but it is noteworthy that Longden's career overlaps theirs. In the course of that

career (and as of last Saturday) he has ridden 5,256 winners, 386 more than Sir Gordon Richards, the now retired Englishman, who is his nearest rival in this matter.

Around the barns of the West Coast, where Longden nowadays does most of his riding, the gag goes that "Johnny is 49 going on 60." That's because he lists his birthday as Feb. 14, 1910 (in Wakefield, England). However, everyone knows that Johnny's son, Vance, who trains for Alberta Ranch Ltd., is 28 years old and that Johnny even has a little grandchild. It is also common knowledge from the barns to the clubhouse on the western circuit that Johnny Longden is among the richest athletes anywhere. The horses he has ridden have won at least \$18.5 million for their owners, and Johnny has saved easily 10% of that amount. He has accumulated profitable holdings in ranching and oil. He has a permanent place in the record books and the respect of everyone in his profession. In view of all this, and since

Johnny has twice broken his leg in riding accidents in the past two years, the question naturally arises: Why doesn't Johnny Longden hang up his spurs?

Longden, who is one of the few great jockeys who actually likes horses and enjoys riding them, simply shrugs when this question comes up. "What else would I do?" he asks, in what for him is a rather long sentence. "Pay to ride?"

Even Hazel Longden, Johnny's pretty blonde wife, just sighs when asked about his retirement. "Johnny will quit when he is good and ready," she says. "And I don't think he is good and ready."

However, the person who may come closest to understanding the phenomenon of Johnny Longden's longevity as a jockey is Alfred Sheltamer, a patrol judge at Santa Anita who has been a friend of Johnny's for 25 years. Sheltamer puts it this way: "Longden's philosophy has always been: 'I don't want to be another race rider; I want to be the best race rider.' I'd say Johnny keeps going for the simple reason that he wants to keep proving himself—and to keep proving his superiority."

Recently Longden's fierce pride glowed angrily over a seemingly



ARE ENJOINED BY THE WINNER, LONGDEN



JOHNNY'S QUICKNESS AT GATE SENDS FOOTBALL (5) TO THE FRONT IN RECENT RACE

unimportant incident at Santa Anita. One morning after Johnny had put in his usual early-morning stint at the track helping to exercise some of the mounts he regularly races, he stalked into the den of his house in Arcadia—a few furlongs from the track), wheeled and addressed himself menacingly to his wife and her brother. "That guy Cox," he bellowed in his piping treble voice which a friend has described as an octave above a hummingbird, "better not come around the barn, is all I've got to say, or I'll throw him out of there." It developed that Johnny's pride had been wounded by a horseman whose clunker he had ridden in a \$3,500 claiming race. The animal was so faint-hearted that even this lowly company was too much for him, so Longden, who is recognized as an extremely intelligent judge of horse-flesh, advised the owner to race the horse against even cheaper horses. Whereupon the owner dropped both the horse and Longden.

As the result of a similar and far more significant incident some years ago, Longden lost Calumet Farm a hefty sum of money and much prestige. A feud developed between Longden and Ben Jones, then the Calumet trainer, and Johnny paid off nicely on it just when Calumet was trying to put the famed Citation's earnings over the \$1 million mark.

In the fall of 1949 Longden had got his first look at Noor, the fabulously successful Irish import of C. S. Howard, while riding against him in a race at Tanforan. Johnny was so impressed with Noor that he canceled a plane reservation in order to remain

overnight and persuade Howard to let him have the mount on Noor in future races. In the subsequent race meetings at Santa Anita and Golden Gate, Longden on Noor beat Citation four straight times, thereby depriving Calumet of close to \$200,000 in purses.

There are those who will denigrate Longden's riding technique on the ground that he is just a front runner with no sense of how to pace a horse. The Noor-Citation races proved otherwise. However, it is true that Longden prefers to race in front whenever he can and believes that most horses share his preference. His style is suited to front running. Sheldahl has observed that when Longden rides, his weight is perfectly balanced on the horse's withers where it

won't hinder in any way. Once Johnny gets his horse in front—and there is no quicker jockey out of the starting gate—he urges him on with a curious pumping motion that has earned him the nickname of The Pumper. The Longden craft then manifests itself in setting a pace that will both save the horse and convince the other jockeys that it is too fast. In the stretch when the other horses are coming at him from behind, Johnny has a little trick of making his horse look as if it is staggering slightly and tiring—a ruse that has won him many a race from unwary jockeys. It is still winning for him.

As of last week Johnny Longden stood fourth among all the riders at Santa Anita—behind only Shoemaker, Arcaro and Neves. **END**



IN ARCADIA HOME Longden is surrounded by daughter Andrea (11), son Eric (15), wife Hazel, granddaughter Chris Anne (7 months), son Vance, daughter-in-law Pat.

# The miracle of the bass

**The amazing story of the Santee-Cooper lakes in South Carolina where the salty striped is thriving in fresh water**

BACK during that biggest of all Depressions the State of South Carolina undertook a strange and controversial project. Through the use of federal funds, 40 miles of dams and dikes were thrown up to flood 160,000 acres of the sleepy, swampy, historic, moss-hung Low Country inland from Charleston. Armies of men and machines pushed the landscape around, cut or flooded great forests and diverted the Santee River into the Cooper.

Opponents of the Santee-Cooper Hydroelectric and Navigation Project predicted disaster in many forms. A cherished chunk of the Deep South was being engulfed. Conservationists opposed the dam because of the loss of the virgin forests and the effects on wildlife. Others held that a power project built below the fall line in nearly flat terrain was impractical even if it did include the longest dam in the world and the country's highest lock.

Backers of the plan predicted it would bring an industrial millennium. It would create jobs, provide commercial navigation to Columbia, the state capital, and produce cheap power. Byproducts were to include fishing, hunting and boating.

Many of the hopes for the Santee-Cooper project never materialized. There is no commercial navigation to Columbia and the giant lock is used infrequently. Power is sold, but the predicted millennium never showed up. But now there is a burst of activity which neither the opponents nor the backers of the project could foresee. Increasing millions of dollars are being spent there because of the odd behavior of a fish.

*Roccus saratilis*, the voracious striped bass, which provided a fishery worth millions when it was taken to California, changed its mode of living

to bring a fisherman's bonanza to the Santee-Cooper area. The year-round activity there would make patient salt-water striped fishermen along the East Coast turn bright green. Some anglers contend the unorthodox behavior of the southern stripers is an event comparable to Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton gin. Avoiding such hasty comparisons, it is evident that *Roccus* already has taken its place in the stream of history in South Carolina, and down there the stream of history runs long and deep.

The striped bass, called "rock" south of New Jersey, is traditionally anadromous and, like any well-behaved anadromous fish, it has always gone up rivers to spawn in fresh or nearly fresh water, following which its young go down to the sea or salt-water bays to do their growing. But for once tradition has been flaunted in the Deep South. All the scientific evidence indicates that millions of stripers are spawned and grow up in

the Santee-Cooper without the slightest taste of salt water during their entire lives. Already the once controversial waters are known as "the home of the landlocked striped."

It is apparent that these stripers have lost their anadromous habits, but not all the factors involved have been explained. The important result is that local and visiting fishermen are forsaking time-honored freshwater species to go after stripers. Robert E. Stevens, state fish biologist at Santee-Cooper, is hard pressed to keep up with the expanding phenomenon. His estimates, based on a fragmentary creel census, show that in one recent 12-month period almost 100,000 fishermen caught more than 280,000 striped bass.

Stevens and his assistants have unique experiences in appraising these big lakes. On one occasion he set two 150-foot nets to catch crappie and mullet. The catch of crappie and mullet was disappointing but the nets contained 77 stripers weighing a total of 332.2 pounds. Gaping holes in the nets indicated that the biggest ones had gotten away.

Other sets had similar results, which led Stevens to report: "Striped bass were taken at all points, and if the numbers of striped bass frequenting the entire shoreline are expanded on the basis of the catch in a night of a few hundred feet of net, the contemplation of the total population of striped bass in the reservoir taxes the imagination." Using the most cautious estimates, he feels that the sports fishery already is resulting in an expenditure of \$3.25 million a year.

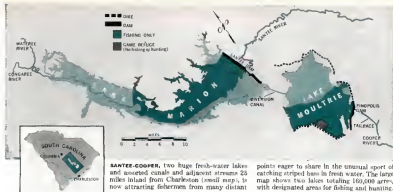
"I think it could be as much as \$5 million," he added. "And, in my mind, the lakes haven't realized much of their potential. Based on average success on a year-round basis, I'd say this is one of the best striped-bass fishing places in the world."

Stevens has other problems in fish biology. Black crappie, the most favored panfish in the reservoirs, reach inordinate sizes. The world's record,



**DREAM CATCH** of both striped and black bass is shown by Ed Miller. Ed Miller.





a 5-pounder, was caught in March 1957, and another caught last May weighed 4 pounds 13 ounces. When crappie get that size it is difficult to regard them as mere panfish.

The striper boom is not the result of a planned program. Instead, the fish have taken advantage of a set of favorable conditions inadvertently provided by the engineers when they designed the project.

Fishermen at Santee-Cooper ply their sport over historic ground. Fast outboards race after boiling schools of stripers over the plantations which were agricultural empires when cotton was king. Bottom-fishermen drop their lines where once avenues of ancient live oaks stood beside elaborate gardens and rows of whitewashed slave cabins. Between strikes the angler can ponder on the way of life and the historical events that took place before the \$40 million project brought these wide waters.

Formed by the confluence of the Congaree and Wateree rivers, the Santee wound through the heart of the old French Huguenot plantation country to enter the Atlantic 50 miles above Charleston. It was a big stream, producing a greater volume of fresh water than even the Hudson.

In its lower reaches it flowed through the largest stretch of virgin forest left on the East Coast. Along its banks the forest formed a mighty wall, festooned with trumpet vines and hung with streamers of gray moss. In the jungle of the lower river Francis Marion, the Swamp Fox, had a hideout to which he and his men

would retire after harassing the British. In the area since flooded were 24 plantations, some of them built before the Revolution.

At the time the project was started the plantations were generally in a rundown condition, although a few were going concerns. Some had been bought by Northerners. Among them was North Hampton, which had been the home of General William Moultrie. The water is now 45 feet deep where North Hampton stood.

#### A CUP ON THE MANTLE

Another plantation was Eutaw, where a fine old mansion with wide verandas stood among moss-festooned live oak trees. The Sinkler family had owned plantations on the lower Santee, and after the Revolution they moved up river and built Eutaw in 1808. At the time the machines started to build the dams the plantation was owned by William Henry Sinkler. The house still contained numerous examples of mahogany furniture built by master workmen of another age. On the walls were paintings of the race horses for which the plantation was once famous. On the mantle was a silver cup won by a Sinkler horse at the Pineville races in 1839.

Not far from Eutaw was Eutaw Springs, scene of a Revolutionary battle. From beneath a limestone ledge, amid a grove of old trees, flowed an enormous spring of clear, cold water, forming a stream which wandered off through cypresses. Near the spring a stone monument bore the following inscription:

"This stone marks the field whereon was fought the Battle of Eutaw, September 8, 1781, between a force of the United States under Major General Nathaniel Green and a force of Great Britain under Colonel Stuart. Neither side was victorious but the fight was beneficial to the American cause. Erected by Eutaw Chapter D.A.R. 1912."

When the armies of men and fleet of machines had finished their work the water of the Santee River was diverted on Nov. 12, 1941 to create the lakes that now cover that historic ground. An eight-mile dam across the Santee forms Lake Marion with an area of 100,000 acres. Below the dam the Santee is but a trickle of its former volume. The greater part of its water flows through a diversion canal 6½ miles long, which carries it into Lake Moultrie, which covers 60,000 acres. Below the power dam at Pinopolis a tailrace carries the Santee water into the Cooper River, which flows on down past Charleston.

At the power dam is a navigation lock 180 feet long, 60 feet wide and with a lift of 75 feet. Before Lake Moultrie was impounded the land was cleared of people, forest and buildings, but at Lake Marion, 46 miles long, most of the trees were left standing. The trees died, and today their gaunt trunks project from the water to create a lost-world type of scenery. The aspect may be eerie but among those old stumps is found the finest crappie fishing.

The stripers entered the picture

*continued*

mainly through the big lock, although some were undoubtedly trapped by the impoundment, as there had always been a seasonal run in the Santee. Not long after the waters had risen, fishermen were taking an occasional striped bass. By 1950 they began noticing an odd thing. Stripers were appearing in schools, and as soon as they did fishermen began experimenting with baits and methods for catching them.

George D. Scruggs, the first biologist assigned to interpret the curious behavior of the fish, concluded that most of the stripers in the reservoir were landlocked and able to complete a full life cycle without returning to salt water. For a time the lock was operated frequently to allow the passage of fish but this was discontinued, and during the three years ending in September 1957 the lock was operated only 207 times. Scruggs checked the lock with trammel nets and found only a handful of wandering stripers passing through.

Meanwhile new generations of bass were appearing in huge numbers. The biologist netted females with mature or spent ovaries, and collected eggs both in the tributary streams and in the lakes. Stevens, who succeeded Scruggs in March 1956, has established further proof that the landlocked fish are reproducing. This being the case, why are these stripers successful in fresh water when other introductions have failed? Some think the Santee stripers constitute a special race with uncommon abilities. Stevens thinks it is just because at Santee-Cooper the fish have found the exact conditions necessary to their complete life cycle.

The green, round eggs of the striped bass are slightly heavier than fresh water. After they are deposited near the surface a slight current will keep them bouncing along in suspension. If there is no current they sink into the mud and fail to hatch. Normally they drift along for 48 hours or more, depending on water temperatures, before hatching. Upon reaching brackish or salt water the young fish feed upon a variety of items, including crustaceans and marine worms. As they grow they shift to a diet of small fishes, and the larger they grow the bigger fish they eat.

When the stripers spawn up the Congaree and Wateree rivers the same events take place, but instead of en-

tering salt water they find themselves in the shallow, rich waters of the reservoir. As they grow they find a prime source of food in the gizzard shad. In many fresh-water bodies in the South the gizzard shad is a pest, an unloved menace to game fishing. Large sums are spent in poisoning them, but in a few years their numbers are again legion.

But at Santee-Cooper the gizzard shad is looked upon as a blessing, for this fresh-water representative of the herring family is the important link in the simple food chain that leads to the striped bass. The shad live directly on plankton and get up to 16 inches



**HUGE CRAPPIE** of 4 pounds 13 ounces is held up by Fish Biologist Robert Stevens.

in size. Stevens found a striper struggled on a gizzard shad 15.1 inches long. Stomach examinations at Lake Moultrie prove the stripers eat a wide variety of fish and insects but the gizzard shad is the main item.

The dramatic, vicious schooling activity that occurs when the bass rip into swarms of shad has led to a type of fishing far different from the stolid stance of the surf fisherman of the coast. In Lake Moultrie they hunt stripers with binoculars. Cruising along, they watch for gulls or the thrashing the stripers make when they drive the shad to the surface. When a school is sighted, the boats head for it in a mad race, motors are cut, lures are cast into the melee, and the battle is on.

Many enjoy the wild race after the schools almost as much as the actual hooking of the fish. Sometimes during the height of the season in the fall as many as 20 boats will race after the same school. The school may be small

or the water may be alive with thrashing stripers over an area of two or three acres. When this happens the daily limit of eight is an easy and exciting task.

Early in the season, when the smaller fish are schooling, the spoon is the preferred lure, but later on, when the bigger fish are active, the bucktail is better. But here, as anywhere, fish are unpredictable. Sometimes they will snub both bucktails and spoons. At other times you could throw your handkerchief out there and they would tear it to pieces.

The binocular-speedboat method is called pump-fishing, probably because you have to jump from one place to another to get your fish. This method involves guile as well as speed. If a boat locates a school that surfaces periodically and another boat comes cruising by when the fish are below, the occupants of the first boat assume an air of utter dejection, as though they hadn't had a strike all day. As soon as the other boat leaves they fly into action again.

Another method is called bumping. Bump-fishermen let their boats drift with the wind over good spots. Their bucktail lures are lowered to the bottom and then brought up several feet with a quick jerk of the rod. Expert bumpers have such consistent success that some ignore the madcap chases after the schools.

Considerable trolling is done in the spring and fall with deep-running lures towed behind a relatively fast-moving boat. Sometimes a needlefish is rigged for trolling. Still-fishing for stripers is done mostly in the diversion canal with cut gizzard shad, live shad and herring. Here the long cane pole, the ancient symbol of southern fishing, comes into play.

While the Santee boom continues to grow, other southern states have tried to get stripers to reproduce in their own lakes, but so far Stevens has heard of no successful reproduction elsewhere.

Meanwhile the sleepy Low Country is alive with fishermen figuring out new schemes to land the fresh-water stripers. Game Warden Earl C. Turney displayed new lures which have been devised, and one man who had caught the fever even produced some large flies with which he had been successful during large hatches of May flies. Everybody had ideas about how to cope with the growing population of *Roccus sorolitis* in these new but historic waters.

END

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## Ski Tip

WILLY SCHAEFFLER  
Ski Coach, University of Denver

**QUESTION:** How can I keep my skis from wandering during a schuss and chattering during turns on icy snow and steep hills?

DOWNHILL  
POSITION



Best Skier Inc.

**FEET SPREAD** for downhill, skier puts weight on inside edges to keep skis on track. With the proper edge control, skier on icy trail can compensate for style errors that could cause fall in deep-powder or wet, heavy snow.

### SHORTSWING ON STEEP, ICY SLOPES

When the hill begins to ice up, you must make some radical changes in your style and, if possible, in your equipment. First of all, you need more edge control, so lace your boots as tightly as possible without cutting off circulation. If you use a long-thong or Arlberg strap these, too, should be well smuggled down. Stiff skis with sharp edges are best for ice, but a relatively flexible metal ski will work if the edges are offset and well sharpened. As for style, skiing on ice is tricky, so you must get your center of gravity lower. On a straight schuss, bend the knees more deeply than normal, and don't be afraid to hunch down a bit with the shoulders. Also, forget about keeping the skis together when you are schussing. Instead, spread your feet apart about 12 inches, and put a strong weight accent on the inside edges so that they dig into the ice and give you a wide base on which to run. As for turning, use an extreme comma to get the weight well out over the slope and onto the downhill ski. However, do not turn the knees or ankles into the hill, since this will cause overedging and make your skis chatter.



**FEET TOGETHER** for turn, skier uses extreme outward lean with upper body. Note that knees and ankles are straight to avoid overedging, rather than turned in toward the hill as they would be in finishing a turn under normal snow conditions.



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SKIING / Robert Ball

## Of ice and death

The Alpine sun turned the ski run to icy hardness and set the stage for triumph and disaster

FROM a spectator's viewpoint, the weather could not have been better for last week's Arlberg Kandahar, the oldest and still one of the most prestigious of Alpine races. But for the skier the blue heavens and the unseasonably strong February sun were treacherous. There was plenty of old powder to spread around, but a lack of new snow for some three weeks had left the runs essentially hard and fast, with occasional frightening ice patches that were as slick as polished silver.

The women's downhill on Friday was held on a rock-hard, two-kilometer course, with a 550-meter drop which falls away like a house wall from the start. Training runs left many contestants with an uneasy feeling. "I just don't like that run," grumbled Germany's top-rated Hanselore Basler. "We aren't competing to become cripples."

Canada's unflustered Anne Heggtveit led off with a 1:54.9 that was not fully appreciated by the crowd until the next eight failed to touch it. Hanselore Basler, true to premonition, fell, as did Switzerland's Annemarie Waser. Starting eighth, with her left cheek naked with ugly scratches from a training spill, America's Betsy Snee managed to stay on her feet through the finish before slamming head over heels into the snow. Her 1:56.1 was good for fifth, a solid platform on which to build for the combined title.

When stringy Madeleine Chamot-Berthod of Switzerland pured 1:56.4 of a second from Anne Heggtveit's time, that seemed to wrap up the downhill. But the *coposers* were not deceived. Bud Werner irritably shook off a newsman anxious for comment on the Chamot-Berthod victory. "That really makes me mad," said he. "Somebody with a start number



CINDERELLA COOK Erika Netzer left an Austrian kitchen to win coveted downhill.

in the high 20s could win this race just as easily as not."

Werner's casual words proved prophetic. Plain, well-scrubbed Erika Netzer, 21, a cook in the canteen of an Austrian ski factory, started with number 27, almost unnoticed as press, radio and TV people crowded around Chamot-Berthod. Last year Erika broke her leg and missed training for months. This year in January she broke a bone in her right hand and started this race with three fingers in a plaster cast.

Unknown but determined, Erika swallowed her fears and let her skis run. She sailed straight through a dreaded ice patch at one corner and plunged across the finish, still almost unnoticed, in 1:54.3. Caught by the timer's announcement in mid-interview, the blushing word press corps quickly abandoned Madame Chamot-Berthod to besiege the bashful kitchen maid with attentions worthy of Cinderella. The ashamed Erika said, wonderingly, "I didn't really believe I could beat them all."

Saturday afternoon on the slalom run a determined Betsy Snee set about developing the bridgehead she had established in the downhill. After the downhill she had gasped to Bud

Werner, "I never thought I'd make it. I don't know how I got down." But at the start of the slalom she looked all calm and concentration.

Starting No. 1, bareheaded in a gray pullover and forest-green ski pants, she betrayed tension only by an occasional race-horselike kick as she waited with the starter's hand on her right shoulder. She started deliberately, took no chances and clocked a solid 36.9 seconds on the shorter of the two courses. Anne Heggtveit lowered it to 36.2, and then Germany's Sonja Sperl racked up 36.1 for the best first-run time.

This didn't worry Betay. Back at the start, she eased lightly into the second run. She kept her skis beautifully parallel, as if in a *concours d'élégance*, but dug hard with her sticks between the gates and through the finish. Her 42.3 gave her a total time of 79.2 seconds and first place in the slalom,  $\frac{1}{10}$  of a second ahead of Canada's Heggtveit and  $\frac{1}{10}$  up on Germany's Sonja Sperl. It meant, too, a coveted second place in the Alpine combination behind Anne Heggtveit, whose third in the downhill and second in the slalom gave her an important international triumph.

Heggtveit and Sente, finishing one-two in the venerable Kandahar combination against the toughest European competition, clearly demonstrated the New World's new ski power. Europe's best was Erika Netzer, whose seventh in the slalom set her back. Then came Italy's Jerta Schirr, Germany's Sonja Sperl, Italy's Carla Marchelli and Austria's Hilde Holzherr.

Western Hemisphere men were unable to match the victories of the girls. U.S. hopes vanished in the men's downhill when Bud Werner fell some 300 meters from the finish. Austria's big Karl Schranz, who looks as if he might fill Toni Sailer's ski boots, won the men's combined with a first in the downhill and a 10th in the slalom. The slalom was won by France's François Bonlieu, but Switzerland's Roger Staub, who was second to Schranz in the downhill, finished second in the combined as well.

And worst fears about the icy runs were borne out by stark tragedy the day before competition ended. Not far from the finish of the rock-hard downhill course, Canada's 20-year-old John Semmelink tumbled sickeningly 60 feet into a gully and suffered a fractured skull. Three hours later, in a hospital, he died.

END

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**ALEX SHIELDS** (shown here in his New York shop with Mrs. Shields) is his own best model. He wears a Shields' classic—a buttonless, wool jersey suit (\$150). His square-end silk tie is another Shields' classic. He also has a shop in Palm Beach, and his complete line is at I. Magnin in the West.



## Rebel with a cause

ALEXANDER SHIELDS has spent the last 10 years setting tradition on its ear—and in a world for which he was never made. As the son of a California ship-owning family, he was slated for a diplomatic career. He circled the globe on freighters in his teens and on merchant ships as a World War II commander. But all of this travel and the consequent exposure to dress around the globe gave Alex another mission—to set the American male free from the hidebound tradition of his dress. More than any other individual in the men's apparel field he is succeeding in doing just that. He made the first men's suit of jersey—a fabric as difficult to tailor as it is easy to wear and to pack. His jackets don't button—they fit so easily that they don't need to. He made the first tartan dinner jacket, and started a whole new trend toward colorful evening wear. He is particularly noted for the colorful fabrics—burnt oranges, citron yellows, rich greens—used in his resort clothes, such as those photographed here on Shields aficionados in Palm Beach.



MR. AND MRS. HERBERT PULITZER, at pool of Mrs. T. Bedford Davie with daughter Lily, display a Shields first: Herbert's kimono (\$45), made of jersey. Shields took the Oriental kimono, cut it more trimly to make it functional for men. It also comes in silk and cotton.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM F. BENJAMIN II have a drink beside pool at Point Manalapan, a club real-estate colony Mr. Benjamin is developing on site of Mme. Jacques Balsan's Lannu, Fla. villa. His jacket is of red-colored jute with black grosgrain piping (\$75).

CONTINUED



**WILLIAM C. CLUETT** and **Bill Benjamin** play golf in Shields jersey. Cluett's jacket is of forest green (\$100), and Benjamin's is cut like a battle jacket, with brass buttons (\$25).



**"PETE" PULITZER** wears a Dacron-cotton sport shirt (\$18.50), its bold pattern one of the many that Alex Shields has taken from the heraldic banners of Siena, flown during the Palio.



**MESSMORE KENDALL JR.** is jacket (\$100) is of a featherweight silk, striped in black and white, and cut in the Shields manner with peak lapel, the only buttons and brass on the sleeves.

**ROBERT E. BISSETT** wears a Shields' Dandy (\$17), a brass-buttoned shirt designed to be worn outside the trousers. His slacks are of wool jersey (\$50). Skipwith Kendall bronzes in the pool.





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# Savory supper for card players

As a short interlude between sessions of serious bridge, this hostess plans a simple but delightful meal



BRIDGE HOSTESS. Mrs. Cummins Catherwood, plays a hand against her husband (right) and ranking tournament player Solney Shidlov at home near Philadelphia.

REALLY ARDENT bridge players who settle down for a session of cards never like to see any large interruptions in the game until the last rubber has been played. That's why Mrs. Cummins Catherwood of Haverford, Pa., who plays with some of the top tournament competitors in the Philadelphia area, plans a simple supper when she entertains at a late-afternoon-to-early-evening bridge party. She knows that her guests won't want to be kept too long away from the card table.

Planning menus is a cinch for the accomplished Mrs. Catherwood, who serves at other times as executive vice-president of the Catherwood Foundation, established by members of the family in 1947 for educational, artistic and scientific purposes. Her keen, bridge player's mind is an asset, too, in many of her husband's business ventures, from *Vision*, the South American magazine, to oil wells and theatrical productions.

At home dark-eyed, petite Ellengowen Catherwood (the unusual first name reflects a Scottish strain in her ancestry) is a true *femme d'affaires* in the European sense—a woman who really cares about her house and table. She can invariably draw out the best in any tenant of the kitchen. Perhaps this is because she cooks herself, producing in her Walpole, N.H. farm kitchen the most extraordinarily appetizing meals, which arrive on the table despite the confusion engendered by numerous guests, a swarm of dogs and the problems related to coping with a cavernous, old-fashioned coal stove.

A typical bridge supper planned by Mrs. Catherwood, and produced recently by her splendid Scottish cook, consisted of hot steak and kidney pie, a big salad of cooked green vegetables, and English trifle for dessert. For the principal dish, shown in the photograph on the opposite page, this is the Catherwood recipe.

## STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE / for four

- 2 pounds best top round steak, cut like scaloppine of veal in thin, even slices, not more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick
- 4 lamb kidneys (2 pairs)
- 3 medium-sized yellow onions, peeled and sliced
- 3 table-spoons bacon fat (I prefer half butter, half lard M.F.M.)
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper
- approximately 2 cans consommé diluted with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cans water
- 2 to 3 tablespoons flour

Soak kidneys in salted water for one hour. Cut sheets of top round into short strips,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide with knife or scissors, and roll each one up into a tight little roll. Clean the soaked kidneys by removing hard, inedible parts, then cut with scissors into two or four pieces, depending on size.

Cook onions slowly in covered, heavy frying pan with 2 tablespoons fat until they turn slightly golden. Remove onions from pan and adding more fat when necessary, brown the rolls of meat, uncovered, on a higher fire. Then remove them and brown the kidneys quickly in the same pan. Now place onions, meat rolls and kidneys in a Dutch oven or heavy pot. Take diluted consommé and boil it up for a moment in the frying pan to collect the good browning from that pan; then pour it into the pot, just covering meats. Add seasoning. Cook slowly, covered, for an hour or until tender.

Transfer all solids to deep baking dish in which the pie will be served. Thicken the juices remaining in the pot; to do this, mix flour to a paste with a few drops of cold water in a cup; add some of the hot juices; then stir into the pot over the fire. When slightly thickened by boiling, pour this gravy over the meats in pie dish. Chill the whole in refrigerator if planning to cover with a thick puff pastry as does the Catherwood cook. Otherwise pie can be covered either immediately or later with a simpler pastry, such as the kind made by following the directions on a package mix. Remember to place in middle of pie dish one of those gadgets sold especially to hold up pastry and let steam escape. Failing this, if dish is not filled to the top with meat mixture place custard cup in center to support pastry for the final step, which is to bake the finished pie in accordance with pastry recipe chosen.



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## Tip from the Top

### Down and through on the chip

PLAYERS experiencing trouble with their chips and pitches usually create their difficulty with improper movement of the hands and the clubhead through the ball. The clubhead must contact the ball crisply while moving down and through the ball. This is just the reverse of the ineffectual flip which results when the hands are allowed to slow down and stop, and the wrists break sharply up at impact.

The short chip shot from a few feet off the putting surface should be played with one of the less lofted clubs, such as the five-iron, held low on the grip. You should use a narrow, slightly open stance with the knees relaxed. The clubhead should be taken straight back away from the ball, with the length of the backswing controlling the distance the ball will travel. Since in the full backswing there should be no breaking of the wrists until the hands are hip-high, a chip shot (which requires less backswing) should have very little wrist break either going back or on the followthrough.

To achieve the proper action of the hands and clubhead, one of the best methods of practice is to place one ball where you would ordinarily play it—off the left heel—and another ball about four or five inches in front of that ball. Practice until you can strike both balls cleanly with the same swing, and you will find that your execution as well as your confidence in the shot will improve.



NEXT WEEK: Frank Stranahan on the finish of the backswing



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

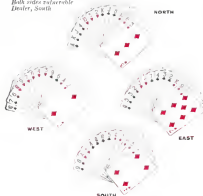
## The odds are a man's best friend

WHEN a good golfer starts missing the fairway with his drives and finding the traps with his approaches, he does not waste time seeking locker-room sympathy. Instead, he consults his pro.

Unfortunately, this simple remedy is not often followed by the unsuccessful bridge player. For one reason, many players are genuinely convinced that they are dogged by ill fortune; on those occasions (rare, of course) when they hold good cards, their finesses always fail and their suits never break. For another reason, it is not always possible to find a bridge "pro" who can tell the good player where he is slipping.

When no pro is available, the most reliable substitute is to be found in the results achieved by the field in a duplicate game where the same hands are played by a good number of players. (*The best way to come by duplicate hands is to write to Alvin Landy, American Contract League, 32 West 60th Street, New York City.*) To get down to cases:

Both sides vulnerable  
Dealer, South



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	1♠	PASS
2♠	PASS	2♠	PASS
3 NO TRUMP	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: heart 6

A five-diamond contract could be made even by Aunt Matilda, but three no trump was reached at almost every table. Not many declarers, however, managed to snaffle nine tricks.

One South player did make the contract, but not by his own efforts. He won the heart opening, led a club to dummy and played a small diamond. East failed to rise with the king so West's ace was knocked out before the hearts could be established. But at most of the tables where an attempt was made to set up the diamond suit, East put up the king on the first diamond lead and knocked out South's last heart stopper while West retained the ace of diamonds. How many tricks South went down depended upon how many he cashed before trying to make his contract—either by finding East with the diamond ace or by a successful spade finesse.

The particular luck-bemoaner who inspired this sermon spoke with proper scorn of those who pinned their hopes on the diamond suit. "Obviously, with only one heart stop remaining after the opening lead, it would need some kind of miracle to bring home enough tricks via diamonds. I didn't try any such nonsense. Instead, I gave myself a 50-50 chance by taking the spade finesse. But with my luck, of course it lost."

"That's strange," his auditor remarked. "Against me the declarer took the spade finesse and made his game."

"You mean you didn't take the queen of spades?"

"Oh, I won the spade queen," was the quiet reply. "But the bridge player I was up against took a first-round finesse with the 8-spot?"

Maybe there was a faint emphasis on the words "bridge player." Anyway, our hero got the point and temporarily stopped moaning about his bad luck. Of course, in this deal he had only himself to blame. He had played for the even chance of finding the queen of spades with West; he could as easily have given himself the 3-to-1 chance of finding West with the queen or 10.

Suppose East had been able to win the first spade lead with the 10. Declarer still had his 50-50 chance of a successful finesse for the queen on the next spade lead. But, as the cards were dealt, the 8 would force the queen on the first round, and South would have the trick he needed for his contract.

### EXTRA TRICK

When two important cards are out against you, there is a very good chance that they will be in different hands—not to mention the possibility that both may be in the favorable hand. At any rate, two chances are always better than one.





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## Part I: THE FABULOUS WORLD OF FOXHALL KEENE

# 'THROW YOUR

**Foxhall Keene, gentleman sportsman of a gilded age, became a living legend in America at the turn of the century. Here is the amazing story of the man who would never stay down**

by FINIS FARR

ON September 25, 1941 death came to a lonely, penniless 71-year-old man in a cottage on an estate near the village of Ayer's Cliff in the province of Quebec. His body bore the marks and scars of 17 serious injuries sustained in a long and reckless career. His memory held many a scene of bright color and swift excitement enacted in Ireland, England, France and the U.S. His almost incredibly appropriate name was Foxhall Parker Keene, and he represented a vanishing breed: he was the last of the sportsmen who had flourished in the grand manner of America's gilded age.

That was an age when hundreds of Americans were able to live in real palaces, attended by troops of servants, amid the glitter of genuine diamonds and the glint of actual gold. It was also a sportsman's age; and in it Foxhall Keene became a living legend. A sharp amateur boxer, an expert golfer and one of the best wing

American stable, and an automobile racer undiscouraged by a series of hair-raising wrecks—all these and more was "Foxie" Keene in the sunshiny days of his prime.

He was born in San Francisco, where his earliest memory was of running after a horse. When he was 7 years old, little Foxhall was told that he and his family were moving to a place called "the East." This was all right with the boy, as long as he could keep with him on the train the hamper containing his favorite bantam fighting cocks. Foxhall might have taken a live alligator as traveling companion if he had wished, for a special car was reserved for the Keene party. This was a tribute to the wealth and power of Foxhall's father, James Robert Keene, a speculator who had piled up \$6 million in mining stock operations and was now establishing his family in a big house on Bellevue Avenue, Newport.

Here, one bright morning soon after the Keenes' arrival, a great event took place: Foxhall was called out to meet his first pony. As the delighted boy approached, James Keene stood by to see that all went well. To start getting acquainted, Foxhall patted the pony's neck. The animal rolled its eyes back at him in a reasonably friendly way.

"Well, ride him!" cried Mr. Keene, who was never noted for patience. "Get up on him!"

There was something the pony did not like in Mr. Keene's voice; and a moment later when the man lifted the boy and plumped him on the pony's back, he bolted and ran flat out over the flower beds, across the

*continued*



### ABOUT THIS ARTICLE

*In preparing the story of Foxhall Keene, Mr. Farr drew on material in Full Tilt, Keene's biography written by Alden Hatch, and on contemporary accounts. Many of the pictures were graciously supplied by Keene's nephew, Mr. Foxhall Keene Taylor of Round Hill, Va.*

shots of his generation; a blood at Harvard and a nailer over the hunting country of Leicestershire; a champion steeplechaser; a 10-goal poloist; a winner of all the important jumping trophies at the horse shows; a shrewd appraiser of Thoroughbreds and heir presumptive to a great

# HEART OVER'



THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL POLO MATCH, first ever played between the U.S. and England, got off to a rousing start when Foxhall drove straight through for a goal.

lawn and up Bellevue Avenue to his former stable a quarter-mile away. At the finals, 7-year-old Foxhall was still on board, clinging to the mure.

Newport had plenty to offer a boy who could so precociously show what it took to be a rider. For one thing, the town at that time was a great polo center. It is true that the officials at the polo grounds would not allow children to play, on the reasonable assumption that they might get hurt. But Bellevue Avenue was wide, and here Foxhall and other boys would practice on their ponies for hours, pounding an old polo ball up and down, with ground rules for strokes between the wheels of a dogue's brougham or landau.

People as well as games were fascinating to a child at Newport in that era when picturesque and full-blown sports were plentiful. One was a foreigner, a man standing 6 feet 4 inches tall and reputed to be a cousin of the German Emperor, who called himself Count Echelestein. This personage figured in a scene which had a strong influence in shaping Foxhall's ideas of admirable conduct. Echelestein bet he could beat another man from the balcony of the Casino down to the sidewalk. At the starter's call the other man broke for the stuns, but Echelestein coolly stepped over the balcony rail. He fell 14 feet to the pavement, where he lay in the shock of a broken arm—the winner. Foolhardy though it was, this sort of gameness would always make a powerful appeal to Foxhall Keene.

Meanwhile, in Wall Street, James Keene was able to demonstrate another brand of gameness after an encounter with the widely feared market manipulator, Jay Gould. When he first heard of Keene's arrival, Gould had growled, "Keene came east in a private car. I'll send him back in a boxcar." Biding his time, Gould invited Keene to join a pool in Western Union, then dumped him for a staggering loss. A lesser man might have gone completely under; but Keene picked himself up, vowed he would never again be "left at the post," and proceeded to show the world he was still on his feet by further expanding his stable of fine horses, one of which won the classic Grand Prix de Paris in 1881.

Foxhall was 9 years old when the first Keene entry took to the turf, carrying the colors, white with blue

spots, which were to be renowned for almost a third of a century. The scene was Jerome Park, the fashionable track recently founded by Mr. Leonard Jerome, from whom an English grandson, Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, got one of his names. American racing was dominated by horses of the Lorillard family, founders of Tuxedo Park, and few believed that the Keene entry would be a threat in the Withers Stakes. But when the race was run, the white with blue spots finished on top and the Lorillard colors were trailing in the dust.

In the next few years young Foxhall was to see many a winner come



STERN FATHER, James R. Keene, on lane in Wall Street and as horse breeder.

down to the wire carrying the pattern of blue and white. While the Keene fortunes were riding high on the race track, however, the reverse was true in Wall Street. In 1884, trying to corner the wheat market, James Keene was again caught by his old enemy, Gould, and when the dust cleared, Keene was literally out on the sidewalk. This appalling reverse—the failure was publicly placed at \$6 million—caused James Keene to come to a far-reaching decision: he would leave Newport and move his family to Cedarhurst on Long Island. The Hempstead Peninsula had been fashionable as far back as the early 1800s, and the Rockaway Indians had hunted there for centuries before. By the time the Keenes arrived, a colony of the carriage trade—Harrisons, Cowdens, Cheevers, the Whitelaw Reads, the Sidney Ripleys, the Lawrence Turnures—had settled

around Cedarhurst. "It was a very sporting community," Foxhall recalled. "Everyone rode, hunted, played polo, fairly lived out of doors. Sunday mornings you could see 40 or 50 men riding over the countryside, larking over the fences and having a wonderful carefree time." On one of those fine carefree mornings the governors of the Rockaway Hunting Club, founded a short time before, went into a caucus under a tree and made the 14-year-old boy a member.

Even as a 14-year-old, wiry and quick, Foxhall was showing a remarkable range of skills. He began fox hunting mounted on a pony, as spirited as the splendid one at Newport, who scrambled over fences like a dog. He was regarded as a good partner or opponent for any adult player at tennis or golf, and he went into 10-mile walking races, then a popular sport, without handicap on account of his youth. A stated match with two grown men, one of whom was Mrs. Astor's brother, Mr. Willing, was so close at the finish that all three contestants could have been covered by the blanket of a very small Indian.

The boy soon discovered another natural aptitude in shooting. It was observed that he could bring up and fire any gun very smoothly, and that something in front almost invariably flew apart when he did so. One day a great pigeon shoot was announced. A certain Colonel Wagstaff sought Foxhall in the pool for \$2, lent him a shotgun and told him to blaze away. Foxhall bet \$5 on himself, killed 13 pigeons in a row and won \$565.

Shortly after Foxhall's election, the Rockaway Hunting Club moved from its modest home into a fine new building, with a magnificently planned steeplechase course looping over the countryside. To young Foxhall the club was an arena of fascination and delight, reassuring and encouraging like the Great Good Place described by Henry James. The pleasant succession of days and seasons was frequently enlivened by an odd wager or a match race, one which deeply impressed Foxhall was the moonlight steeplechase run off between Horace L. Washington and Lawrence Turnure. Both riders dashed over the eerily lit racecourse like Tam O'Shanter heading for the bridge at midnight, and Turnure was leading in the stretch when Washington came on to win by a length.

*continued*



Photography by David H. Fox, Inc., New York, N.Y.

## THE SPORTS-CAR OF SPORTSMEN

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Foxhall approved of this so highly that he made it a rule thereafter to ride across country whenever he was out at night, if there was so much as a sliver of moon to light him on his way.

Soon afterward Foxhall suffered the first of his lifelong series of bad injuries when a horse called Flames threw him to the Jericho Turnpike and he sustained a broken collarbone. He got on his feet and was limping down the road when a hearse came by and its driver offered him a lift. Noting the nature of the rig, Foxhall said, "Nothing doing!" He got home under his own power, took to his bed and was up and about again in a few days.

In this incident Foxhall was showing at an early age two of his outstanding characteristics: refusal to be downed by painful injury and quick recuperative power. His abilities did not go unnoticed, and one day William K. Thorne, a pillar of the Rockaway Hunt, made him a proposition: "What do you say to riding Tomahawk in the fall meeting here?"

"I'm afraid I can't win for you," Foxhall said. "I don't know enough about jumping races."

"You'll have to start sometime," said Mr. Thorne, "and you'll never begin younger. Try Tomahawk. He's fast as lightning—but I warn you, he pulls like the devil."

Persuaded at last to accept this challenge, Foxhall conferred with his owner on racing plan. The Rockaway course had not been laid out with the safety of riders as a prime consideration. Thinking about it later, Foxhall remarked, "Your horse had to be a leaper, or you were killed." Tomahawk leaped like a stag—and that suggested how to ride the race.

"Remember, the first time round is like a hunt," said Mr. Thorne. This meant sit tight and keep wide while the hazards took toll of the opposition. The plan was theoretically sound, but in the race Foxhall almost lost control of the powerful horse. After one circuit his hands and forearms were so tired that he could scarcely hold the reins. Half a mile from the finish, the reins dropped from his fingers altogether and Foxhall held on by matting his hands in the mane. Tomahawk carried him over the line a winner by 150 yards.

After the race, Foxhall carefully sorted out his impressions. He had to admit he had been more dead than alive at the end. "You can't do any-

thing well in this world unless you work at it," he told himself, and he set out to develop his own system of training for fitness as a boy in a man's game. His secret goal was to become the best amateur jockey in the U.S.

His training was rigorous. He took six 30-yard sprints before breakfast, increasing to 80 yards as the muscles toned up. Frequently he ran a mile on the beach at dawn or jogged for hours over the roads around Cedarhurst, holding the tail gate of a wagon and wearing a rubber shirt. Often his training companions were the terrific rider, George Work, and another clipper, Harry Harwood, who was to die of



YOUNG FOXHALL, here 6 years old, was already a self-confident and gutsy dresser.

a broken back after the professionals crowded him through the fence at Ivy City.

ABOVE all, Foxhall decided, a steeplechaser should hunt seriously. The boy became noted for following bounds straight across country like an express train. According to one observer, "he never turned his head while hunting." Falls were not few, and Foxhall Keene was not the only stouthearted rider on Long Island in those days. He himself was impressed when a bold rider, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, came a crumpler and broke his arm, yet remounted and finished the hunt.

The incessant training that Foxhall put himself through, together with his talent, paid off to a high degree. More and more owners called on the

wiry, fearless boy to take their entries over the hazards of the eastern courses. And before his 17th birthday Foxhall actually did become the nation's champion jockey, amateur or professional, "over the sticks." In his top season he entered 101 races and won 79, while thousands of bettors blessed his name.

It was in this period that Ernest and René La Montagne joined Foxhall in a modest racing organization which they called the Queens County Stable. Foxhall took over the riding while his associates acted as trainers and purchasing agents. The La Montagnes had been impressed by the affair of the racing pony Buckshot, who came from the romantic West. Some months before Foxhall and his friends made Buckshot's acquaintance, an Oklahoma bank robber had commandeered the speedy little animal to escape from the scene of his crime. When Buckshot outdistanced the posse, the robber abandoned his mount and vanished into the tall timber on foot. Buckshot was bought for \$300 by Joe Stevens, a friend of Foxhall, and shipped East.

In preparation for his debut at Cedarhurst, the new owners trained Buckshot secretly at an obscure work-out track in New Jersey and were delighted with what he showed them. Unfortunately a tout crept up and estimated the pony's class through field glasses. As a result \$10,000 flooded in on Buckshot before Keene and his crowd could get their money down, driving the price to 1 to 3 or no action. In the race Buckshot ran as though the sheriff were after him and came in 10 lengths ahead.

Stevens and Foxhall were so pleased that they immediately matched Buckshot against George Work's famous pony Cedarhurst at catch weights. Only Foxhall was dubious.

"Joe, that is a fool match," he said. "Call it off before it is too late." But when Buckshot ran a trial half mile at Queens Island in 49½ seconds, Foxhall began to sweat off riding weight and look around for betting money. He went to one source that could always be depended on.

"Mother, could you lend me \$400?" he asked. "I'll pay you back right after the race." Mrs. Keene advanced the money; but Foxhall was not able to repay it as soon as he had planned, for Cedarhurst won by a neck.

Such calamities, however, seldom overtook the lighthearted Queens County turfmen. More often than

not, they won purses and wagers with Foxhall Keene riding such horses as Zangbar, Dundee, Emulator and Jim Murphy. But the professional jockeys with whom he competed were no altar-hoys, and Foxhall had to be ready and willing to fight both on the course and after the race in the paddock. For this reason he added boxing, under professional tutors, to his athletic schedule. And during this period, he somehow found time to take up polo in an organized way.

"This game is for blood, with everything to the fit man," Foxhall observed as he joined practice with the Rockaway poloists. They were making up a team to play for the Autumn Cup at Meadow Brook Club, another Long Island fortress of sporting and social privilege. When Rockaway took the field at Meadow Brook, the boy Foxhall Keene was No. 3. The Meadow Brook team was August and Raymond Belmont, Oliver Bird and Elliott Roosevelt (whose daughter was to be Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt). So began a long and intense rivalry which was to extend to the ladies and even the employees of the two organizations. Played Foxhall's way, the game was rough on those who did not train. He said, "You judge a man's fitness by the way he stands up in the last two minutes." The hard-muscled youth rejoiced in his own endurance and felt that he would never grow old.

Foxhall's reputation as a polo player soon matched his steeplechasing fame, and it was therefore only natural that he should be present when Griswold Lorillard rallied a meeting at the Westchester Club in Newport in 1885 to consider starting an international polo series against the British. The conclave was attended by all kinds of sportsmen, including steeplechase riders, fox hunters, crack shots and even tennis players, for the matter concerned them all as patrons and developers of amateur games. They agreed that the Westchester Cup should be subscribed for and a challenge sent to England. The team was to consist of Thomas Hitchcock Sr. (captain), Raymond Belmont, William K. Thorne and Keene.

The match was played the following year at the old grounds in Newport before a fashionable crowd. Under the rules of the time the first game started with a race for the hall, and young Keene, who liked to leave the mark promptly no matter what was at stake, got there first and ear-

ried through for a goal, the opening score of international polo. But things went badly for the American side after that, and the British won 10-4. They also won the second game and the match and carried away the cup.

In September 1887 Foxhall presented himself as an entering freshman at Harvard. His impact on the place was immediate. He started by giving an uproarious "punch," or drinking bout, even though friends in the upper classes had specifically warned against this. The punch became so noisy that it drew the attention of the proctors. For the next 10 days, though grilled and brainwashed



AT HARVARD, Foxie tumbled actor with his friend William Randolph Hearst (left).

by successive teams of faculty interrogators, Foxhall stoutly refused to peach on his co-host, a boy from Chicago named Marshall Field. At last the fuming faculty suspended Keene for three months.

Returning after the Christmas holidays, Foxhall rented a house and hired a tutor who got him through the midyear examinations. That spring he went out for football, but his career in this sport, though promising, was short-lived. Working out for the Penn game in the fall, Keene was pulled unconscious from under a pile of players. An ambulance hurried him to the hospital, where it was found that he had a ruptured kidney. As usual, he was up in a short time, but the college doctors prohibited any more football that year.

Thus involuntarily relieved of

football duties, Foxhall resumed training for the Harvard boxing tournament, polishing the style which he had learned under Billy Edwards, the former topnotch lightweight professional. He developed such quickness that he could box effectively against another amateur with one hand tied behind him. But Foxhall's ambition to win the lightweight title had to be abandoned at the last moment when he was kayoed by menies before he could enter the ring. He concluded that there was something unlucky about Harvard, and at the end of the year he left for good.

Sport was clearly Foxhall Keene's career and, emerging from Cambridge, he put himself to work—harder than a ditchdigger, he sometimes thought—to remain a top hand at racing, polo, fox hunting and jumping. In addition, he perfected himself in a number of nonesquestrian sports. At golf he consistently shot in the low 70s. At lawn tennis he could hold his own with national champions. At court tennis he could crowd the noted Newport professional and world champion, Tom Pettit, though in one celebrated match Pettit wore roller skates as a handicap. He also gave time to shooting, canoeing, figure skating and studying the angles of bottle pool. "I was always eager to be as good as possible in any sport I undertook," Keene said.

His contemporaries thought he was very good indeed. There were no takers when Foxhall's father offered to bet \$100,000 on his son at \$10,000 each in any 10 sports. Had anyone put the money down, Mr. Keene would have been well able to cover it, for he had rebuilt his fortunes and was riding high. And the prospects were good that he would stay rich—in 1892 Jay Gould, who had seemed able to plunder the Keene fortunes at will, went to his final reward. And the Keene stable was established at Castleton, Ky., with all breeding and training put under command of a horse-wise, julep-judging uncle, Major Foxhall Alexander Daingerfield.

Foxhall Keene had a splendid 21st birthday celebration as crown prince of the Keene racing empire. At this time, while his father was helping to found The Jockey Club, which would hold highest authority on matters of breeding, registration and flat racing, Foxhall was among those who established the National Hunt and Steeplechase Association, an

continued

equally authoritative body in its field.

In those days the gentleman sportsman held a highly respected place, and young Mr. Keene was already an almost perfect example of the type. Deferred to by sporting editors and promoters, such a man might be invited to hold the watch at an illegal prizefight on a harge or the stakes at a rakefight in a shuttered-up barn on some side road in the country. The sportsman was expected to be a trained athlete himself, able to take care of any situation. Foxhall Keene lived up to the code: proud of his boxing ability, for instance, he never backed down in the turbulent racing crowds. This interest in boxing was not all because of the occasional need for self-defense. He liked to watch professional fights and through constant attendance became a knowing judge of performance. In 1882 when John L. Sullivan announced that he would defend his title in New Orleans against Jim Corbett, whom he had publicly scorned, Foxhall Keene headed an informal reunion of six Harvard classmates who traveled in a private car to see this event. They arrived in a roaring, wide-open town crowded with thousands of toughs and bums from all over the country. The Harvard bloods strolled everywhere among the fighting drunks and truculent bullies, even tempting insult by wearing flowers in their buttonholes. At the fight they saw age—and Corbett—catch up with Sullivan as he crashed to the canvas in the 21st round. The members of the Harvard party were further edified when, before retiring to his dressing room, the ex-champion lumbered to the ropes and growled, "Booze done it!"

The next important sporting scene on which Keene made an entrance was the famed fox hunting country of County Meath in Ireland. He was introduced here by an esteemed friend, Willie Eustace, son of the U.S. Ambassador to France, of whom Foxhall said, "He was a good man on a horse. If six people saw the end of a hard hunt, he was one of the six, and if only four finished, he would be one of the four." This description fitted Keene himself, who found the fast company of County Meath exactly to his taste.

This hunting, delightful though it was, caused the most alarming accident of Keene's career. At a brook too broad for leaping, Keene and his horse fell and the animal's shoulder came

down on the rider's head. With blood flowing from his mouth and nose, Foxhall somehow caught the horse and got across a couple of fields to a primitive inn where he rested for a while. Not feeling anywhere near up to riding home, he appealed to a peasant who came by in a cart, but the Irishman took him for a Britisher and said, "You may rot in the field for all I care." At last Keene forced himself into the saddle and rode, still bleeding, eight miles to the nearest village, where he was attended by a doctor who also numbered cows and horses among his patients.

Despite the alarming nature of his injury, Keene was up again within a few days and went out to lunch with a friend named Percy Maynard, master of the Ward Union Stag Hounds and "a wonderful judge of horses and champagne." After lunch, the two sportsmen strolled out to Fairymouse Race Course. Here Keene unwittingly performed the most dangerous act of his life when he stooped to pick a flower for his buttonhole. He collapsed, hemorrhaging, and appeared in such bad shape that the *New York Herald* actually reported: "Foxhall Keene is dying. The best gentleman jockey that this country ever knew, and one of the boldest and best cross-country riders, may have breathed his last by the time this article reaches the eyes of his hundreds of friends." But the next day the *World* corrected the story with the headline: FOXHALL KEENE UP AGAIN.

Up he was indeed and ready to shift his headquarters to the territory of the remarkable pack of hounds main-

tained by the 200-year-old Quorn Hunt in the "cut-'em-down countries" of Leicestershire. This area, in the heart of England, centered around the market town of Melton Mowbray, famed since ancient times as a sporting resort and also for the manufacture of pork pies. Red-faced farmers, many of them hard-riding fox hunters, trooped into town on market days, and during the season from October to April the rich and great took nearby country houses, while sportsmen of the middling sort put up at clubs and taverns, renting horses by the day. Looking out at evening over the mist-strewn countryside from North Lodge, the first of a series of big houses he was to rent hereabouts through the next 25 years, Keene felt that he was now in a position to enjoy the finest hunting in the world.

CERTAINLY he had come to a place that was close to many of the basic influences which made him what he was. Here, in the Midlands during the early 19th century, a new kind of fox hunting had been developed, faster and more specialized than the loosely run sport of the old days. Like Keene, the famous past masters of the Quorn had been amazingly versatile. There was, for example, the celebrated John Osbaldeston, the "Squire of England," a limping, short-legged man with a face like a fox cub, who excelled at boxing, pigeon shooting, stoepchasing and billiards and was one of the best amateur cricketers in the country. There was Thomas Assheton Smith, who fought a six-foot oval boxer in a street brawl and



LOED LONSCALE, MASTER OF THE QUORN IN ITS HEYDAY, RIDES WITH HOUNDS



got two black eyes, though he flattened his man and later sent him a £5 note as consolation. It was this same Asheton Smith who made the classic remark on the hazards of hunting: "Throw your heart over and your horse will follow!"

When Foxhall made his first appearance with the Quorn, the hunt was prospering under one of its great masters, the fifth Earl of Lonsdale, a sportsman who was admired by everyone from the Queen down to the humblest road sweeper. This genial peer was president of the National Sporting Club and donor of the belt for the British professional boxing championship. He cast a kindly eye on the young American who presented himself to the Quorn wearing impeccable doekins, spurs, a silk hat and a white neck scarf properly tied. "Fellow's not badly turned out," Lonsdale remarked to a friend.

In the first six weeks' hunting with the Quorn, Keene had 12 falls, some of which he laid to the inferior quality of rented horses. Accordingly he sent for his two dozen Irish hunters, including the lovely black Bally Firmott, with whom he swore he could go all day "and never get to the end of him." On such mounts Keene was soon recognized by the hunt servants—unblinking judges of class—as a "nailer" and "a regular tiger." A typical incident occurred when, mounted on the Irish import Twenty-Four and leaving a crowded lane to cut across a field, Keene was heading for a high wattle fence. Someone had the decency to yell that there was a big ditch on the other side, but Keene spurred

on all the harder and a pinched British voice was heard to declare, "He will have the worst fall of his life." Horse and man rose and seemed to fly over the obstacle. Instantly a shout came from spectators on the other side—Twenty-Four had cleared the ditch as well. Next day a posse of Meltonians found it measured 18 feet wide. They might not have been so surprised if they had known that Twenty-Four got his name for leaping clean over a ditch just that number of feet wide in Ireland.

Not all Keene's fabulous hunters came from Ireland. He bought one of his favorites, Blue Peter, directly from the owner in Melton Mowbray simply because he liked the looks of the big, rugged gray. The price was 90 guineas, cash down without a veterinarian's examination. Blue Peter turned out to be a wonderful fencer but so unruly that Keene had to put in two weeks' hunting on other mounts to work into shape whenever he planned to ride him. And when he did, the hunting was usually first-class, so that the gray acquired the reputation of a talisman. "Ah, Keene, there you are," the master was likely to say when Foxhall and Blue Peter appeared. "I see your man has Blue Peter out. Get on him and bring us luck."

In training his hunters, Foxhall Keene's maxim was, "If you see anything that is unjumpable, go jump it anyhow." The fleet mare Chorus (by Chorister), foaled at Castleton Farm, was the sort to profit from this kind of schooling. Keene was out on Chorus one day when the hounds went through a pedestrian passage under

a railway embankment. Chorus jumped onto the tracks and then horse and rider saw that the other side was wired off. There was nothing for it but go straight along between the rails, hoping no train would appear. Shortly they came to a granite balustrade with the ground eight feet below. Keene let Chorus look it over and was gratified when she gathered her feet beneath her and, with cat-like grace, jumped down.

Although they regarded him with extreme suspicion when he first turned out, the Quorn people eventually expressed unanimous approval of Keene's fearless riding. It is true that some carpers said his manners were "almost too polished for an American." However, Britons of lesser status had no choice but to accept Foxhall Keene when they saw him treated with respect by the crack riders "Back" Barclay and Teddy Brooks, by Lady Westmorland, the Duchess of Sutherland and Captain David Beatty, who was to be Admiral of the Fleet. On his side, Keene liked many of the English very well. Some of these people, when one got to know them, proved to have almost the easy touch of the best Virginians or Long Islanders. Others, without question, were bullheaded, bad-tempered and odd; and many prime eccentrics in the grand old manner were still to be seen. One was a parson, the Rev. Mr. Seabrook of Waltham, who rode after hounds as though pursued by fiends from hell. Some idea of the reverend gentleman's attitude toward dangers of the chase may be gained from an exchange as he approached a treacherous spot and Foxhall shouted, "Look out, Parson! There's wire in that fence!" Seabrook roared back, "The hell there is!"—and sailed on over.

But of all those who liked and admired Foxhall Keene, the most notable was the master himself, Lord Lonsdale, whose views on many subjects closely paralleled those of his young American friend. The final accolade came one day with the news that for the first time in history the Quorn was entering a match race against the neighboring Pytchley Hunt. Lonsdale wanted Keene to lead the six-man team which would carry the colors of the Quorn.

"Very well, I'll ride Blue Peter," said Foxhall Keene.

"No," said Lord Lonsdale. "You cannot risk taking a chance on Blue



AN UPSTART FROM AMERICA, FOXE WON QUORN'S RESPECT ON BALLY FIRMOOTT

continued

## THE STICKIEST WICKET



In which Hugh Bentley-Giddings botches the attempt to smuggle Lamplighter Gin back from the States to the Empire for his personal use.

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FOXHALL KEENE continued

Peter in a race. Ride Bully Firmott."

Recalling his struggles with Blue Peter as to what line of country should be taken, Keene agreed. Nothing must interfere with this chance for an American sportsman to lead a British organization to victory over an ancient rival. Accordingly Keene got Bully Firmott ready, while Lansdale prepared to entertain all comes at lunch before the race. At this gathering, the open-handed master of the Quorn was pleased to see 4,000 guests of high and low degree guzzle 200 cases of champagne and a proportionate amount of distilled liquor. The entire company then crowded into the area around the finish.

Five miles away the 10 riders representing the two hunts lined up and listened to the starter: "This will be a true steeplechase, except that the goal is not a church tower. Do you see that flag on the hill at Dulby? That's your mark. You must not go over 50 yards on a road, and you must not jump at any place where you see a red flag on a hedge. Otherwise go as you please."

Away they went, making heavy going on turf that had been saturated by heavy rains. Keene rode his own line, and as he hurtled over the last fence, Bully Firmott was 70 yards in the lead with the finish only 50 yards away. But in the hysterical excitement a mounted spectator, very probably drunk on Lansdale's liquor, rode into Bully Firmott, and Keene was thrown. Miraculously, he was not killed when the field thundered down over the slippery turf. Managing to remount and complete the race, he came in fifth, and the Quorn won the day on points.

Bully Firmott, however, never recovered his nerve. From that day on, like Massfield's Right Royal, "When he reached the straight where the crowds began, he would make no effort for any man." For his owner, the spill at the finish was frustration of a truly heartbreaking kind. But Foxhall Keene still had a long way to go; and many a time thereafter was he to fall and ride again.

## NEXT WEEK

Motor racing and the Vanderbilt Cup; Synnoby, greatest of horses; Master of Meadow Brook; the great days of polo; old age and a sportsman's epitaph.

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE The readers take over

## TRACK: SUPERSTARS AND SOFTNESS

Sirs:

The conflicting opinions of Avery Brundage and Jim Elliott on whether or not America is becoming a second-class track power (*In America's Second-class Track Power*, SI, Feb. 2) interested me. Both men made good points, but I'm afraid I'll have to go along with Mr. Brundage.

If America does become second-rate it won't be because the talent isn't there; it'll be because the talent won't work. We have a tremendous athletic potential in this country which has barely been tapped. Russia and the other countries who have come up in track have made their gains through saturation rather than through excellence.

One athlete I know was only a so-so two-miler in college, but shortly after graduating began to show promise of becoming a very excellent walker. He was forbidden to practice on his university's track because the year before he had dropped off the track squad, as he had classes until 7:30 in the evening. The coach of that school is supposedly a great developer of amateur runners because one of his other athletes happened to set a couple of world records last year, but is he truly a molder of men?

A few track clubs exist in the United States, mostly near large metropolitan centers (compared to a club for every little town in Europe), but they are oases amidst a desert of athletic decadence. Even the AAI, which is supposed to rule amateur sports, is oftentimes more concerned with politics and who gets to make what foreign tours rather than the welfare of the athletes.

Oddly enough, one of the bastions of track in this country is the same school that produced the most outspoken critic of sports in the country: Robert Hutchins. The University of Chicago offers its facilities to athletes in the area who otherwise would have no place to train and passes the hat to send them away to meets. More than 200 runners belong to the university's track club. Some are members of its varsity track team; others are graduate students attracted to the school not only because of its excellent academic program but because it offers them a place to pursue their favorite sport; others have never been to school at all. Some track club members are very good (three made the trip to Russia last summer); others are extremely mediocre (incapable of running even a 5-minute mile). One broad jumper spends 21 1/2 hours traveling three days a week to work out at the university, because the track near his home closes before he gets home from work. Another runner works out in the confines of his basement and competes on weekends.

There is nothing the matter with track and field in this country that a good shot in the arm or a kick in the pants wouldn't cure.

LAFAYETTE SMITH

Chicago

Sirs:

I was glad to read that Jim Elliott of Villanova has enough sense to realize that America is making great strides in track. American track, as it now stands, was never better. Records are being broken again and again. How can Avery Brundage say we are getting soft?

WARREN VANDERVEER

Freehold, N.J.

Sirs:

Pointing out a few of our superstars, as Jumbo Jim Elliott has done, only tends to lull the unwary into further complacency. We're getting soft.

All of us concerned with the Olympic sports program should thank Mr. Brundage for having the courage to speak out. His counsel is much needed today. He aptly puts his finger on one of the evils of college athletics—the buildup of so-called superstars, with only the readymade athlete or superstar taking part. This tends to cut down the number of participants in the overemphasized sports (generally football and basketball), and little attention is paid to other sports. Often an assistant football coach will be named as coach of track, gymnastics, swimming, wrestling, etc., with a resultant loss of participant interest.

However, I do not agree with Mr. Brundage that the college presidents are all to blame and the athletic directors and coaches blameless. Integrity should be expected from all personnel, athletic directors and coaches as well as the college presidents.

RAY CHISHOLM

Minneapolis

Sirs:

I have known college trackmen to practice in the early hours of the morning, in rain or snow, because their academic schedules prevented them from practicing at the regular hours. These men give up their weekends, holidays and summer vacations. These men are devoted athletes, far from being soft.

WILLIAM A. HUNTER

Philadelphia

• For an answer to Avery Brundage from superstar Dave Sims, see page 26.—ED.

## FOOTBALL: PAST AND PRESENT

Sirs:

Avery Brundage's claim that our colleges are ruining track and field, as well as participant athletics in general, finds a wealth of documented evidence in the same issue. Twelve of our big schools plan to form a coast-to-coast football conference (*Football's Jet-age Secret*, SI, Feb. 2). Its purpose: to attract bigger crowds, to influence "NCAA-type legislation," to make recruiting athletes easier and to prevent a "tremendously attractive TV package." Exactly what do any of these have to do with education?

Just how is it going to help build character? How is it going to improve the deplorable physical condition of our youth? As Captain Slade Cutter says, "It would give the sportswriters something additional to write about," but once again the connection with education is difficult to see.

Next year I hope to play 150-pound football at the University of Pennsylvania. At the risk of sounding "Ivy," may I say that I will not bring glory to Pennsylvania, I will not play before huge crowds, nor will I give sportswriters something to write about. But I will have a lot of fun and I am certain that I will be the better for it, both physically and morally—which is, after all, the only justification for intercollegiate athletics.

V. RICKARD MARANI

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Captain Slade Cutter of the U.S. Naval Academy says that "by forming a conference of schools with uniformly high academic standards and uniformly good football teams we can prove that academic excellence and football strength can go hand in hand."

Captain Cutter's thinking is only three years in arrears. While a number of more urgent problems (e.g., how to keep attractive young women from invading the academy grounds and masquerading as Midshipmen) undoubtedly have taxed the abilities and energies of the academy authorities severely, I would point out, for Captain Cutter's edification, that just such a conference has been in existence since early 1936. Its academic standards are unexcelled anywhere in the country; its football championship in three seasons of official league competition has been won, chronologically, by Yale, Princeton and, most recently, Dartmouth. The very fact that, in its three seasons of competition, the Ivy League trophy has been won by three different members testifies *per se* to the quality of play.

As for the "unusually good football teams" with which Captain Cutter apparently is deeply concerned, I'd be willing to bet my copy of *Captains' Courageous* that when conference play in the new jet-age league begins, each year one of its 12 member teams is very likely to finish last.

GILBERT S. OSBORN

Boston

## TURF: TECHNIQUE AND TWO MUCKS

Sirs:

Enjoyed John Hinkup's article *A British View of U.S. Tracks* (SI, Feb. 2), since it brings to light some points of constructive criticism about American horse racing. Hinkup is a well-qualified critic. He has been an amateur rider in England for over 25 years, and was leading amateur rider for 15 years, having ridden over 100 winners, a record.

**RUGGED PLAYER!  
WHAT A SCORE!**

**HE SHOOTS TO WIN  
AND WHAT  
IS MORE—**

**SMELLS GRAND!  
PACKS RIGHT! SMOKE SWEET!  
CAN'T BITE!**

THAT PIPE OF HIS  
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# 19TH HOLE continued

He is quite right in observing the inadequacies of the acry-deucey seat of American riders. Last summer Ex-Jockey Jimmie Stout, who is now a patrol judge at the New Jersey tracks, remarked that there are very few good apprentices these days because they ride too short and have no leg control to drive their mounts.

Most American jockeys lack the fundamentals of equitation. Attempts have been made from time to time to correct this with jockey schools. However, these schools have been met with opposition and a lack of cooperation on the part of horsemen. To improve their riding style, our jockeys would do well to read the series by Eddie Arriero (The Art of Race Riding, \$1, June 17, '67, et seq.).

Wellesley, Mass.

JOSPH A. FAGAN

Sirs:

Hipod does not seem to realize that most people go to the races to bet and to try to beat the odds; that if horse racing were not intriguing enough to the gambler he would take his money elsewhere.

He seems to believe we are hurting the breed here in the States with our system of racing. I strongly suggest Hipod look at American horse racing from the point of view of the American racing fan—the little gambler who wants at the least some excitement for his \$3.

Newton, Mass.

AL KOSS

# GRASS ROOTS & CRUMB PIE

Sirs:

Can't remember enjoying an article as much as I did Gerald Holland's *Remembrance in Parkersville* (SI, Feb. 2). Here is basketball with true Midwestern flavor—real grass-roots stuff. Certainly one of the best articles ever to appear in your fine publication, where topflight stories are hardly at a premium.

It's a good bet that you've made F'ville fans out of a lot of "cold, objective observers from out of town."

Peoria, Ill.

JAMES E. CLARKSON

# WHAT'S ON CHANNEL 5C?

Sirs:

I'll wager that few realize the extent to which sports are going off television.

The *New York Times* of September 17, 1950 reported: "TV's football coverage will offer New York fans on Saturday a choice of five different football games during the season, plus three nighttime games." For a typical Saturday afternoon telecast let's take October 14, 1950:

CBS: Army vs. Michigan  
NBC: Navy vs. Princeton  
WTIX: Yale vs. Columbia  
ABC: Dartmouth vs. Penn

Now go to the corresponding afternoon for October 1958:

NBC: Game of the Week  
(Ohio vs. Illinois)  
WOR: Lawrence High  
vs. Baldwin High

Several things appear to be significant.

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First, of course, is the limited number of games in 1958 as opposed to 1950; second, notice there is no eastern team for eastern fans; and third, I don't believe that Westchester, New Jersey and parts of Connecticut will be too interested in a high school game on Long Island.

With wire TV (that's a TV signal brought into the set via wire—which is practical, economical and does not need FCC approval) a whole series of neighborhood TV setups could be operated throughout the Greater Metropolitan area. There might be 25 different wire TV systems operating around the area. Each of these systems might have 25,000 to 50,000 subscribers. Each of these subscribers would be getting three channels on his wire system in addition to the seven channels he is now getting by air.

Let's call these three extra channels 6A, 6B and 6C (because in the metropolitan area you would use 6). With this kind of a wire system it would be possible for many of the college games that are now not appearing on TV to appear on a pay-as-you-see basis because the NCAA, which is now regulating football telecasting, has indicated that if and when pay TV comes football can afford to go back on the air.

But consider the other advantage of these 25 systems in a metropolitan area like New York: 6A might be carrying a big national game like Ohio vs. Illinois, 6B might be carrying Columbia vs. Army, and 6C in Baldwin, Long Island might be carrying the local Baldwin game; but the wire system up in Westchester might be carrying the other two collegiate games and on 6C the neighborhood game between Pelham and Mount Vernon.

Pay TV, instead of taking away programs that the people are now getting (and they're not getting as much as they used to), would be adding programs not only of national and regional importance but also of neighborhood importance. The big national game of the day might cost \$1, the regional game 50c and the high school game could be 10c, or even be free.

Football is going off the air because free TV can't afford it.

PAUL MACNAMARA

Beverly Hills, Calif.

● Mr. MacNamara's persuasive argument stems from a sporting and business interest in the wire pay-as-you-see system he describes.—ED.

#### THE RIGHT MOMENT

Sirs:

I'd like you to know how much I appreciated the wonderful caption you earned with my golf picture ("The Picture to Beat in 1958," 51, Jan. 12).

The gallery following Doug Sanders had been growing steadily all day and, when he reached the 18th green, the tension was felt by everyone.

When he finally stroked the ball it was one of those rare moments in a photographer's life when he knows the ball is hit true and if he can hold his trigger finger till the right moment everything is going to explode and make that picture he has always dreamed of getting.

DAVID F. SMITH

Burbank, Calif.

## Basil Rathbone probes the

## Gentleman's martini

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BOOTH'S  
HOUSE OF LORDS  
GIN

PROJECTING into his personal life the great detective role for which he is famous, Mr Rathbone says: "It is elementary that crime does not pay. This includes making an inferior Martini."

"While the last offense rarely results in a man losing his life, it

almost certainly carries the penalty of losing his friends. It should be well-known—for ignorance excuses no man—that the Martini of highest social acceptance is the gentleman's Martini. And the key to making it is Booth's House of Lords gin."



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## Pat on the Back

DON BELL



**LYMAN AND LOUISE WAKEFIELD**

### 'Something for the whole family'

One of the hoped-for pleasures of parental middle age is to have children who participate in one's own interests. This requires large amounts of patience, enthusiasm and a certain pedagogic skill and is therefore a pleasure too seldom realized. Of Minneapolis' skating Wakefields a family friend sighed: "Seeing them together makes a fellow stop and think what the rest of us are missing."

Lyman Wakefield, a vice-president of the Minneapolis First National Bank, believes "sports are something for the whole family." A four-time

intercollegiate skating champion as a Dartmouth undergraduate, he began to teach his daughter Louise (shown here with her father skating in Minneapolis' new Ice Center) before she was old enough to ride a bicycle. Today Louise and her sister Anne are competition skaters of considerable skill and enthusiasm. Wakefield's other sporting interest is horses and riding to hounds, and here again Louise has done him proud; last year she jumped her pony Country Life to a blue ribbon in the large hunter pony class of the National Horse Show.

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